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We saw two girls taken a few days after I took them in

By MERLIN BISHOP

THE steamer twisted around the turns in the crooked Min River. Sampan came alongside. Long bamboo poles were raised and by the metal hook on the end made themselves fast to the railing of the steamer's deck. Little fellows with slanting eyes climbed the poles and were immediately on deck jabbering in an unfamiliar tongue. My heart leaped with joy and excitement for I realized that I had arrived in China.

If you recall I went out to Foochow to help *Christian Herald* in their Industrial Mission. That was almost seven years ago. Foochow is five hundred miles south of Shanghai in the province of Fukien. It is a port city just seventy miles across the straits from that Japanese occupied island of Formosa that she took from China in 1894. Foochow has been called the "Switzerland of the Far East" because of its natural beauty. Part of it is very mountainous and lacks only the snow of a colder country to offer winter sports. Foochow at one time controlled the tea market of the world. The choicest tea of Britain came from the mountain slopes of Fukien Province and carried by thousands of sailing ships each year. It was into this Chinese coastal city that *Christian Herald* reached her arms and gathered motherless and fatherless boys and girls. We have endeavored to be to them a mother, a father, and a home. It had to be all that a Chinese home could offer for it was from the *Christian Herald* Orphanage that hundreds and thousands would enter into life. What sort of life were they going to enter? It was one thing to feed a boy or girl until he or she was sixteen, but an entirely different one to introduce him into society. It

DESTINY—Revised

For seven years Merlin Bishop has been your representative in China. He left Foochow for his sabbatical year—three days before Pearl Harbor. He had to wear a life-belt at all times on the darkened boat which brought him to America through the War Zone. Here is his thrilling story of modern life in China and the Foochow Mission.

just couldn't stop at sixteen. If you understood the Chinese family system and how important it is to have this family connection to even be permitted to take an apprenticeship you would see that *Christian Herald* had no other course than provide ways and means of placing these boys and girls in a society that welcomed them. So, when I arrived in China I became the father of three hundred odd children. And it was with these that I have found the joy and love and trouble of the past seven years.

The small boys were located in their home over on the island in the Min River. The girls were twelve miles down the river in a small compound that housed them adequately. The Industrial Work and my home is in the heart of the old city of Foochow. No one seems to know how old Foochow is—it seems to have always been. One of our newer pagodas was repaired about 1067 A.D. but it was old at that time. The streets were cluttered with rickshas and wheeled vehicles when I arrived. The Chinese couldn't get used to the speed of modern transportation. The biggest upkeep to the few automobiles was the horn. Most cars had three and often used them all in clearing the street. I said that Foochow is ageless and so it has seemed many times. As I have excavated for new buildings I have had to go down through fifteen or twenty feet of broken tile and crumbled buildings of dead generations. But some things remain. The call of the vender with his wares has not changed. The rattle of the little drumette announcing the passing of the man who buys broken glass and rags. The familiar clang of the pieces of iron announcing the approach of a blind person. The sedan chair carried through the streets on the backs of coolies humped over under the weight of years of human transportation. The city sewage system is just as odoriferous and noisy as ever as the "bucket women" go through the streets with a bucket dangling from either end of a bamboo stick that squeaks with each step. But even in this there is an art. It is hard to imagine a more beautiful rhythmical body swaying than is given by these burden bearers of the Foochow sewage system. The Christian

Herald Industrial Mission is fronted by one of these typical Chinese streets. My house is at the back of the compound and overlooks a canal that rises and falls with the tide. It provides means for small boats to go back and forth with loads of wood, food, brick and lime. Some of our supplies for the Industrial Works come in this way.

It was hard to visualize the work that has been made possible by your help through *Christian Herald* until I had seen it. I wonder if I could help you see it better and help you to realize what a fine project you have been supporting by your prayers and gifts during the past years? The boys and girls accepted into the Orphanage are those who otherwise would die, for they have no parents and no relatives that could possibly add one more to share the meager family income. As these little fellows come into the Orphanage we do not try to clothe and feed them above the average Chinese child but have tried to see that they have adequate clothing to keep them warm and enough food to make their bodies strong. For we believe that it is almost impossible to build Christian character in a hungry and sick boy or girl.

I have tried to get acquainted with some of these little newcomers on their first arrival. I have brought them into my own home just as they were received. I wish that you could see some of them; hair matted with dirt and bugs, clothing ragged, dirty and filled with vermin. They smelled and looked as if they had not been bathed for years. My first duty was to clean them up and give them a little self-respect before they saw the other children. Many times I have personally led them through this stage and saw them when they realized for the first time that there was love in the world. I doubt if ever they had had a touch of affection or word of kindness. Some of my greatest thrills have been to see their response to my love for them. Some of the hardest moments have been the taking of them from my own home and introducing them into the Orphanage routine. The father and daughter or son relationship had been set up with strong bonds of love drawing us to-



One boat load of the children evacuated to safer quarters

gether. The week or ten days had changed the destiny and attitude of their lives. Their personalities begin to develop and my helpers, the good Chinese teachers, try to mould into these young lives principles of right and wrong. Principles of love and unselfishness as exemplified and recorded in the life of Jesus.

In the Orphanage proper they are taught the regular primary courses as prescribed by the government. They are given chores such as working in the garden, carrying water and wood and cleaning the buildings and grounds. The boys are taught some elementary manual arts and the girls introduced into needlework and home duties. As they approach graduation from the higher primary, their best future usefulness is considered. I have been working on aptitude tests to be used in schools over China as there is nothing standardized in Chinese along this line. Most of our boys are best suited to enter a trade. Those that are qualified are given advantage for further study along academic lines. The boys and girls that should enter training for a trade are placed as best we can judge according to their aptitude into an apprenticeship.

Outside, each family unit has a trade guild and it is easy for a son or daughter of a family in this guild to begin an apprenticeship. The orphans do not have this family group so we must furnish it for them. This is why the Industrial Works has a place. We have the main trades found in any community: cabinet making, carpentry, masonry, electricity, plumbing, printing, metal work, engineering and so on.

One day sitting in my office I looked up and blinked as I saw it surrounded by soldiers with machine-guns. In walked a dear old man, the President of China. After a few formal words I invited him up to my living quarters for tea. My cook usually had hot water and always seemed to be prepared for unexpected

guests. This time he did not fail me. We were soon enjoying tea in my living-room reinforced with a few cakes and cookies that the cook either had hidden for such an emergency or borrowed from a neighbor on short notice. Still I had no idea for what reason the President was calling on me. Soon it came out. He knew of the Christian Herald Industrial Mission and that we made furniture and wondered if I would make furniture for his Nanking White House! Before he left town he gave me a towel and pair of socks for each of my three hundred odd children. Later the furniture was sent to Nanking on a Chinese gunboat. This was before the "Incident" that has caused so much death and destruction by the hand of the ruthless Japanese militarist.

So much of the last seven years has been under the strain and strange complications of war. My first thought was the safety of my children. We made dug-outs and camouflaged the buildings. We marked the property with American flags for at that time the Japanese theoretically did not destroy American property. For almost two years we withstood countless bombings and machine-gunnings on all sides. The work naturally was disrupted somewhat. I could not sit in my office working when planes were flying low and discharging bombs so near that the windows would break from concussion. I did not feel any fear, only sometimes when shrapnel or bomb fragments came into the buildings, and then not very much. It did frighten the children and especially the girls. It seemed advisable to move them to the interior. Yes, three hundred children had to move up river and over mountains into a quiet vacated Buddhist monastery many miles away from the nearest road. Under cover of darkness the boats started up river with most of my boys and girls. A few days later I had to take some of the remaining ones. The main group made the seventy-five

mile journey in about twelve days. The group that I took later had to travel by day for the first lap. There were two boats together—the one that I had and a merchant boat. Soon after we had started seven planes came. The two boats separated and headed for opposite banks of the river. The planes began circling, then nose dived over the other boat dropping many bombs and finally sank it. It looked as if our turn was coming as they began diving over us. But they pulled out of the dive without releasing any bombs. They seemed satisfied to leave us after a good machine-gunning. Several times on the trip we were machine-gunned. After five days on the boat we took a bus for a few miles to the end of the road. Just as we arrived we could hear planes approaching in the distance. We hurriedly placed our baggage in a small store and ran up the side of a nearby hill under some trees. The planes came and bombed. The store, where our baggage had been placed, was destroyed. After the invaders had gone we dug our things out and found everything unharmed but dirty. A large supply of medicine that I was taking to the Orphanage did not even have a broken bottle! Two more days and we were safe in the old Buddhist monastery, our refugee orphanage home, without a scratch on any of my boys or the loss of any of our things. We were extremely thankful and felt that God had been with us.

I soon had to return to Foochow City to see about the Industrial Work for that was not moved. It involved too much moving and would place us outside of the area where we could carry on the work successfully. The older boys agreed to stay if I would stay. So the Industrial Work continued to function and grew in spite of the bombings and Japanese aggression.

When I first went to China one of my cabinet workers in response to directions that I had given him about doing a certain job used a well worn phrase that means, "it can't be done." By assuring him that it could be went ahead and did it. "Substitutes," "shortage" and "doing without" were heard on every side. Over and over again it looked as if the future were impossible but so often I have seen the Chinese grip the horns of impossibility and say, "If it can't be done, we will do it."

Soon after the Sino-Japanese war began I saw that it would be difficult to get supplies for the Industrial Work. We were manufacturing all kinds of Chinese, modern and period furniture, operating the most modern printing house in Fukien Province and doing engineering and construction work. It would have been impossible to buy supplies necessary for the duration of the war, first, because of the cost and then the port was closed making it both difficult and dangerous to run the blockade too often. So (Continued on page 72)

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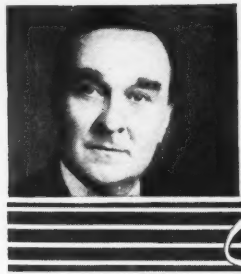
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OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Does war help religion—that is, do people crowd the churches and is evangelistic effort easier?

Answer:

While it is the impression that war has a beneficial effect on the church, the facts prove the opposite. The late Dr. Herman C. Weber, distinguished church statistician, after wide research announced the results in seven of the larger Protestant denominations from 1849 to 1937. Always during wars evangelistic losses occurred. There was a drop of 5% in new members added during the Civil War. Following that war there was a steady rise in new members. Identical effects were indicated for the Spanish-American War and the World War. Definitely there is tragedy ahead for the church if the church fails to face the facts.

Question:

In your answer to the question about extemporaneous prayers did you mean to imply that extemporaneous prayers are necessarily "sloppy"?

Answer:

Certainly not, nor is there the slightest justification for assuming that I so meant. I said, "A memorized prayer is much more worthy, I think, than sloppy extemporaneous praying. That, to say the least, pays the Heavenly Father little respect. By memorizing prayers we develop the power to pray extemporaneously." Prayer in its highest is the soul's breath. It may be a single word or many words; it may be in language memorized, or in the extemporaneous flow of words; but whatever its method of expression, the Heavenly Father never fails to hear and honor prayer when it voices the soul's sincere desire.

Question:

I have not read anywhere that clergymen are recognized under the rationing system for tires—does this discrimination apply equally to Catholic priests?

Answer:

Clergymen of all faiths come under the rationing system. It is true that they were not included in the first announcement but later the following notice appeared: "As amended, the tire order will place the needs of clergymen on a par with those of doctors, nurses and other occupations and professions whose services are essential to public health and safety." I am sure that ministers will exercise the greatest possible economy in order to conserve the limited rubber supply for defense purposes.

Question:

Do you favor a seven day week in factories?

Answer:

I do not. I believe that a seven day work week is finally demoralizing both spiritually and morally. Soviet Russia recognizes the absolute necessity of a rest day. Only direst immediate emergencies should justify a departure from this principle.

Question:

Do you think that dissipation in the service may have been responsible for the surprise attack at Pearl Harbor?

Answer:

I have no evidence beyond the report of the commission appointed by the president to make a general investigation. However, there is one intimate word that should be known to every American. Mrs. Colin Kelly, wife of the first great hero of this war, was the guest of honor at a luncheon opening the Red Cross Drive in Des Moines, Iowa, on Wednesday, January 7. In the course of her address, she said, "Colin didn't drink or smoke. I know that many of his fiercer friends didn't either. Colin wasn't a prude or a sissy; he was a man's man, but he said that alcohol and gasoline don't mix and you need a clear head to fly." That is an inspiring word for the boys of America!

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Question:

In the light of world events do you believe that missions pay?

Answer:

Yes. And sometimes it seems that this is just about the only international investment that does pay! In China, for instance, according to Dr. J. H. Franklin, President of Crozer Theological Seminary, there is but one Christian in 1000 of the population, but one-half of the names in *Who's Who in China* are from the eighteen Christian colleges and universities. What a record for less than one-half a million Chinese Christians! And what a vindication of Christian missions!

Question:

What do you think of the proposal of a Senator that the United States establish a national lottery? The papers report that he estimates a monthly sale in excess of one hundred million dollars. He argues that the law would boost defense savings and withdraw from circulation money otherwise spent for consumer goods.

Answer:

What I think could not be put into words that would pass the censor! The proposal is infamous. Everything considered, it is just about the all-time "low" for the Senate of the United States. Certainly, it will never pass nor will it have serious support. Thank God the nation has few representatives of this quality in high place.

Question:

Of what value is intercessory prayer? What about those who have no one to intercede for them? Does not God's love reach out to them in their need?

Answer:

Intercessory prayer does not influence or change the will of God. God's purpose is fixed and it is good for us all. Prayer does affect God's time schedule. Prayer does influence the act. Always God desired to save the heathen, but again and again God was compelled to wait until some William Carey, John G. Patton, or Adoniram Judson heard the call, caught the vision, and gave a life to carry the Gospel. Certainly God's love reaches to all, and in Jesus Christ is sufficient for all. Christ Himself intercedes for those who have no human friend to remember them in prayer.

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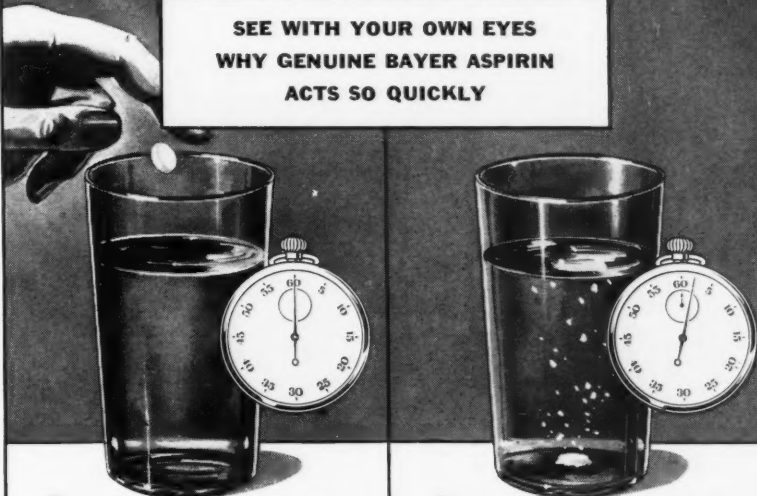
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APRIL 1942

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The White Comrade

I

I fell
Within the gaping jaws of flaming hell;
Upon the pain-tossed sea
Of agony
I lay
Through endless hours of an endless day,
While all around, —
Earth, sky, ground,
Rocked, throbbed, plunged within the sound,
The soulless sound of man-made hell, —
There blinded, bleeding, dizzily I fell.

II

Then night
Made fiercely bright
With sudden, flashing flare
Of soaring rockets and the glare
From massive guns whose roar
Rumbled skyward to the very shore
Of Heaven Among the untold dead,
All maimed, with clotted blood black-red,
Dull, dreamless, mystified,
A thousand times I died.

III

"Can this be death,
This painlessness?" I pondered, and a cooling breath
Of air
Came like my mother's kiss upon my hair,
While things of earth seemed fading, mystic, far;

While gleamed a star,
A lonely star,
Whose beam,
Whose steadfast gleam
Marked through the skies a pathway for my soul
To follow, follow, follow to its goal.

IV

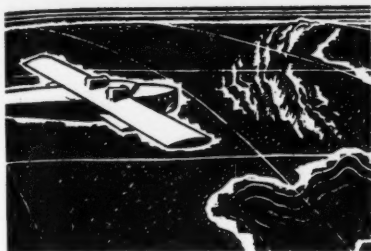
And there, amid the dying and the dead,
I strangely felt a presence, and my head
Was lifted tenderly; my wounds still bled,
The flow was stanching, and sweetly cool
I drank with parched lips the woodland pool,
The woodland pool of home,
Of home,
As once again I pondered, "Is this death,
This joyousness? Can this be death?"

V

"Be not afraid! 'Tis I!" I opened wide my eyes
To gaze in wonderment and awed surprise
Upon a Being, clad in white, who smiled
As innocently as a little child,
And yet his brow was circled with the thorn,
His side and hands with bleeding wounds were torn;
"Be not afraid!" His voice was low,
His face was radiant with an inward glow.
"My child, you shall not die, but live;
Now gladly for thy life mine own I give;
O Father, take again Thy traitored son;
Forgive them! They know not what they have done!
A myriad million times for them I die,
Yet I am daily theirs—the Christ—to crucify!"

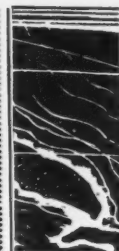
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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

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A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

NEWS: Quite a hue and cry rages in this country for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The government is being pressed, hard, to tell the American public frankly what has happened to the Navy in the Pacific, just what the chances are of our winning and losing in the East, just what we have to expect. The public is supposed to be "realistic" enough to take it.

Just for the sake of an argument, we doubt the value of all this. We doubt that there is any fine point to be gained by spreading the truth, the *whole* truth and nothing but the truth, like that. It is exactly what Japan wants. The white man has lost enough face in the East without this; why advertise your lickings? If that advertising could be localized in the United States, it would do no harm; the trouble is that it would reach Tokyo sooner than it could reach Tacoma.

One of our most brilliant columnists maintains that the unity we had immediately after Pearl Harbor is disappearing, for the simple reason that, lacking the facts of the destruction at Pearl Harbor, the American public is losing confidence in the courage and ability of the American Navy. Well—after what that navy has done in Java and the Macassar Straits, we haven't much reason to doubt either its courage or ability. We were hurt at Pearl Harbor; we are still fighting; when that damage is repaired and when the productive machinery of the U. S. really gets rolling, and the Navy meets the Nipponese on something like even terms—then we shall see.

Meanwhile, America, what we need now is more grit than grumbling. There's a war on, even though some of us seem not to know it.

IN, OUT: Congress is getting touchy. Tempers rise and fall quickly. No wonder. They're under quite a strain. They haven't had a vacation from their too-long sessions in a long, long time, and besides—elections are ahead for a lot of

them, and a lot of constituents are dissatisfied with the Congressional conduct of the war. That's always cause for worry.

Congressmen are objecting to being blamed for the war; they say they are becoming more and more mere cogs in the giant government machine. Maybe so, but this month the cogs ground out one rather important appropriation, ground to death another. To wit:

The House of Representatives has passed the largest appropriation measure in the history of the United States: \$32,070,901,190 for the Army, for the Maritime Commission and for lease-lend aid to our Allies. With it we shall equip an army of 3,600,000 men, build 45,000 tanks and 1,476 new merchant ships. This will raise the total money designated for defense to \$142,000,000,000, voted since July of 1940.

This reporter is getting so that a billion, more or less, means nothing to him. He's just given up trying to keep it all straight. But he got one thing straight this month: that was that he would *not* have to dig deeper in his already worn pocket-book to help pay pensions for Congressmen. In a rush, Congress voted through that appropriation for defense; not in too much of a rush did they vote down and out their own pension bill. Vox Populi vox Dei! The people spoke so loudly on *that* one that Congress dived for shelter and repealed the bill. Everybody, from the President down, seemed against it. So—out!

Why on earth they ever tried such a move at such a time as this is more than some of us can understand. We suppose there is no good reason why Congressmen, as well as business men or clergymen or anyone else, should not have a pension, provided they spend their lives at being Congressmen—which most of them don't. But most of us could manage to save something on a salary of ten thousand a year!

The pension bill was lifted from the realm of nonsense to the realm of abuse when it was discovered that the Presi-

dent was seeking an appropriation of \$300,000,000 as an unemployment fund for the unlucky men caught by the change-over of American industry from peacetime consumer production to the production of war materials. Even with that, these men will receive only about sixty per cent of their normal wages while they remain idle during the change-over period.

The President's request for the three hundred million was tabled, due to objection from many quarters. Now the fate of the luckless ones is up to the several states. They are the unhappiest of Americans. What is to happen, for instance, to the highly skilled automobile salesmen who have spent their lives developing a sales technique, made good money at it, taken on obligations and responsibilities in accordance with their salaries—and now find themselves without a job and without a penny of income?

Something *must* be done.

ARUBA, CALIFORNIA: From Curacao and Aruba, two Netherlands West Indies Islands off the Venezuelan coast, comes two-thirds of the aviation fuel of the United Nations. Year in, year out, here in the vicinity of Lake Maracaibo, some of the finest oil wells in the world produce some 200,000,000 barrels of "black gold." Last month shells fell on Aruba—shells from Axis submarines. And on California—from Jap submarines!

They did slight damage to either ships or refineries, which were their targets. Four vessels were torpedoed, no refineries were lost, but America woke up to the fact—or should have waked up—that an attack on the shores of the Western Hemisphere is not only possible but actual. It *has happened* here. U-boats had passed the screen of U. S. defenses, and they were within striking distance of the Panama Canal. The attack was aimed straight at oil, as have been the other Axis attacks along the Eastern Coast.

Coupled with the sinkings of tankers off the East Coast, this constitutes a new

front in the war. There are observers who say that these submarines are all German, sent at the request of Japan. Whoever sent them, they are working effectively—and in exactly the right spot!

ALIENS: In the gold-rush days in California, labor was Chinese. It became too much Chinese, for the California mind: in 1882 the Chinese were excluded by law. The Chinese never forgot that.

A shortage developed in labor; it was filled by an influx of Japanese. Almost 15,000 Japanese arrived on the West Coast from 1900 to 1905. Frightened again, California started agitation to bar Japanese children from the schools, and deny their parents the right to buy land. In 1907 we got a "Gentleman's Agreement" which halted further Japanese immigration. The Japanese never forgot that.

Since Pearl Harbor, the FBI has kept a close watch on the 38,000 native Japanese now in California, plus the few thousand in Oregon and Washington. As enemy aliens, (with Italians and Germans) they were barred from military and industrial centers. But the FBI was almost powerless to do anything about the 65,000 American-born Japanese along the coast. What to do with them worried everybody, including the President.

Now the President cuts the Gordian knot with a drastic war order which gives the Army power to remove aliens or citizens from these designated areas, anywhere in the country. Mass removals inland have not come yet, but they may. Last week this editor read in a Western newspaper that Fort Collins, Colo., was objecting strenuously to the establishment of a concentration camp for interned Japanese near her city limits.

These Japanese will certainly be moved inland; the seizure by the FBI of immense stores of ammunition, arms, etc., in the past week, clinches that. They must be moved. We've fooled long enough with officers of the Japanese navy posing as captains of fishing-boats that snuggle happily among American warships in California harbors. Enough is enough.

FATHER-AND-SON-DAY: Ye editor took part in the recent father-and-son-day arranged by the United States government. He happened to be in South Dakota when the festivities took place; he stepped into a government office and registered with Uncle Sam, before a local draft board.

Nine million fathers and sons (aged 20 to 44) did the same thing on the same day—or the same two days. Nine million! Our two previous registrations accounted for 17,639,118 between 21 and 35. According to our arithmetic, that makes the grand total something more than 26,000,000. Registrations in the whole of the first World War were 24,234,021.

Out of this, Army men tell us, Uncle

Sam will get an army of ten million men. (He has two million already.) To get that ten million, physical requirements are going down. Eyesight and teeth are not so important now; we met an Army doctor on a train out West who told us that a man with one arm or one leg could get in the Army now, if he tried hard enough. Such a man, the Doc said, could run a typewriter or pass out shoes in the Quartermaster's department, and thus release a good man for combat service.

Even if your Uncle doesn't get you into the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, he may get you into a labor battalion. Those not summoned to military service will receive questionnaires on their vocational backgrounds; war industries will need another ten million workers this year.

Never before has there been such a comprehensive call for American manhood.

LOST? Under the tracks of the West Side elevated highway in New York stood agonized Vladimir Yourkevitch, watching a ship burn. He had designed that ship. He didn't stay to see the *Normandie* topple slowly and drop on her side in the mud. He left the scene, saying, "She was helpless, like a sick man, unable to fight to save herself."

He was right there; the *Normandie*, most beautiful ship in the world as well as next to the largest, was the victim of a plot of carelessness. It may have been sabotage, and it may not; it certainly could have been. A New York reporter got himself a job aboard the ship with something more than the usual ease; all he had to do was to buy a union card in a longshoreman's union (cost, \$26). He wandered freely all over the liner, smoked whenever he felt like it, could have set a thousand fires. Columnist Dorothy Thompson visited the victims hurt aboard the *Normandie* during the fire and learned that all but one of them believed the fire was sabotage.

Immediate cause of the fire was a welder's spark in a pile of life-preservers (made of inflammable kapok). Real cause was criminal carelessness. It will cost millions of dollars and months of golden time to repair *Normandie*, if she is ever repaired. What was it we just said about some people not seeming to know there was a war going on?

RETURN: If horses really could give humans the horse-laugh, they're giving it now. With ninety-five per cent of our rubber cut off and tires becoming rarer than rare jewels, this is happening:

Andrew Bonfig, Chicago grocer catering to the 400, has converted an old chassis into a wagon, drawn by two horses. The Jewel Tea Company of Chicago, serving 1640 routes in forty-three states, is negotiating with Sears, Roebuck for eventual distribution of wagons to replace the trucks it now uses. Kauffman

& Sons, Saddlers (N. Y.) report that they have sold more carriages, driving carts, family rigs and harness in the last three weeks than they have sold in the last five years.

Now if we can only get back those big white fire-horses pulling fire engines through the streets, life will be worth living again.

HERO: America's war hero No. 1, so far, is Douglas MacArthur. His magnificent leadership, inspiring in his men the magnificent defense of their desperate position in the Philippines, is already an epic of heroism. The cry rises: "Bring MacArthur home."

It may seem that bringing him home would be smart; this is too good a man to lose. But it isn't so easy to bring him home. He himself would feel like a captain deserting his ship, under fire. Also, it would take ships and seaplanes in force to get him out. He probably would refuse to come, anyway; he would "fail to see the order." Let's let the Army handle this.

ABROAD

SINGAPORE: Singapore is gone. Singapore was impregnable, invulnerable. It could hold out forever. It collapsed in record time. It fell in exactly one week less four hours from the time the Japanese set foot on the island. Why? And now what?

It is too late now to cry over spilled Singapore milk. Singapore simply wasn't ready for the blitz. Six years ago, Bruce Lockhart wrote in "Return to Malaya": "Today the hallmark of British civilization in the East is a bag of golf clubs." Anyone who has spent an hour in Singapore knows how terribly true that line was—and is. The British at Singapore underestimated the enemy as badly as we underestimated him at Pearl Harbor.

And what now? Japan has torn from the Allies their great potential springboard for an invasion of the East. It was, indeed, the only big naval base open to the Allies. Its loss means the loss of Sumatra, the invasion of all-important Java. It leaves the Allies to sail over virtually every sea in the world to get at the Japanese, while the Japanese can concentrate nicely at good bases for hard blows at us. The door is wide open for Japan into the Red Sea, into India, and to the road that will link the forces of the Mikado with the forces of Hitler in the Near East.

The picture is black. Very black. Next stops on the Japanese timetable are Java, Rangoon and the Burma Road. If the

Allied forces concentrated around Java can hold, the battle for the whole Far East may be won right there. If they cannot hold, a Japanese invasion of continental America is not, military experts say, beyond possibility.

BURMA ROAD: The Burma Road, we believe, will be a tougher nut for the Japanese to crack than was Singapore. Martaban has fallen, and the Japs have made a second crossing of the Salween River, but neither are very strategic victories. Martaban is one end of a flimsy railway; the Salween is no barrier to the military engineer. The arrival of more and more British and American planes in Burma and Java may turn the tide before we get into print.

The Burma Road is choked—with supplies moving into China. The trucks go north, carrying guns and ammunition; they roll South again, carrying seasoned Chinese troops with the finest equipment in the world, en route to defend the Road's end. Overhead soar the RAF and American "Flying Tigers." A pretty picture, but...

Rangoon's last stand may come soon, unless those planes get there. If Rangoon goes, the Road goes. What then, China? Then, China will begin using the new "Burma Road" she is building into India, with the tireless labor of hundreds of thousands of Chinese laborers. A hard people to whip, these Chinese.

NEHRU, CHIANG: There are 425,000,000 people in China. There are 352,000,000 people in India. This month, the greatest living leader of the Chinese (Chiang Kai-shek) and the greatest living leader of young India (Jawaharlal Nehru) sat down in Delhi to talk things over. That means something, representing as it does a potential man-power of 770,000,000 people.

Only they know the whole conversation, and they aren't telling. Out of what they did tell we gather this: that the British were taken to task, sternly, for their thus-far failures; that stern things were said of British tardiness at Singapore and Rangoon, of British neglect to set India really free. What the British said isn't reported.

This is all a bit irregular. A few short years ago, Nehru and Chiang were "natives." Now they are all-important world leaders, heading great potential man-power. Now they command the power and the resources that will win the battle in the East. Now they are not called "natives."

This is something new, for the British Empire!

JAVA: Java is the most densely populated island in the world. Seventy millions of people live there, happily. They love their land. They will defend it, with the aid of Dutch and Yank; it will not be "easy money" for Japan.

As a matter of fact, while the rest of



BRINGING LIGHT INTO DARKNESS

us slept, the Japanese and the Dutch were getting ready to defend Java. Do you recall the bickerings of the Japanese in Java, back in February of 1940? It was almost laughable—to everybody but those in Java, who knew what was coming. The Dutch kept that conference going, talked endlessly, profitlessly, while they were working day and night to turn Java into an armed camp. When at last the Japanese commissioners went home (empty handed) Java was ready. They had the most concentrated air-force, the best defenses in the East. That's why the Dutch air force has been so brilliantly effective.

At Bandoeng, munitions and arms factories have been running full blast twenty-four hours a day, since 1940: at Surabaya, special plants to make and repair Dornier, Fokker and Martin flying boats are running full steam ahead. American aviators have been teaching Dutch cadets to fly, and a huge shipyard has been turning out sea-craft in quantity.

Now comes the test of all this. As we go to press, the American and Dutch

navies are handing out a licking to the Japanese off Java; nineteen Jap ships have gone down to Davy Jones, to date. It may be too good to last, but it was to be expected, for in high command of those naval forces is "Ship-a-Day" Helfrich, Dutch sea-dog who has always believed that the Japanese can be stopped, if the Allies work from Java as a base. In the first fifty-four days of the war, his forces sank fifty-four Japanese ships, Java-born and Java-reared. Helfrich has done little else in his lifetime but study war with the Japanese. His strategy: strike, strike again, strike again and again at Japanese supply lines.

If any naval man in the world can turn the tide here, it is Helfrich. Only one thing can defeat him: failure of supplies. And rumor comes through that the U. S. has established and protected a battle line from Honolulu to Java that is the best-defended line in the history of sea-going war. It had better be so; if he gets Java, the Jap will have supplies to carry on the war almost indefinitely, and it will cost the Allies one thousand per cent

more to get him out of there than it would have cost them to defend, adequately, the island against his first invasion.

CHURCH NEWS

FOR CHINA RELIEF: The Foreign Missions Conference of North America, and the Federal Council of Churches have designated April 12th as China Relief Sunday. It is hoped that setting apart this day will arouse further sympathy for the people and leaders of China in their sufferings, and will broaden the insight of American church members as to China's place in the Christian world. On the same date there will begin an intensive campaign by United China Relief, through local committees in more than a thousand cities and towns to raise a fund of \$7,000,000 for China Relief for the coming year.

UNITED: Forty Protestant denominations stand enlisted in a four-year United Christian Education Advance, as a result of the action of their representatives at the recent twenty-first Quadrennial Convention of the International Council of Religious Education, at Chicago.

Your editor attended that Convention, and he came away with the impression that a great thing had been done in getting this Advance under way, but that greater things remained to be done. The Council offers only a lead, a guidance; the real program and work of the Advance must be drawn up and executed by the separate denominations. Some have already tried it; the Methodists and Presbyterians got the idea some time ago, and the Baptists have had a spectacular gain under their Baptist Church School Advance, which has enormously increased their church school membership and given a great lift to their spirit. What these individual denominations tried will now be attempted by forty denominations.

Somehow, we wish there had been a clearer definition of purposes and programs at Chicago, but—you can't have everything, in seven days! The Council started the ball rolling; now it's up to the Churches.

STARTLER: Before we leave this Chicago convention, we'd like to report that a Grade-A shock was handed out to the Missionary Education section by Dr. Roswell P. Barnes, who declared: "Unless American Christians think more deeply into the nature and meaning of the crisis of our civilization, of which the war is only one phase, they will come out of this period as adolescents. *It is likely that the spiritual leadership of the world Christian movement tomorrow will come from the churches of Europe and some of the very young churches across the Pacific.*"

Wow!

MISSIONS: There are people, we suppose, who think missionary work is over, at least for the duration. They're wrong. Many missionaries have been brought out of war zones, but the job goes on; we can no more stop that than Canute could stop the waters of the sea...

The Women's Division of the Methodist Missionary Council has voted to raise a total of \$618,033 for missionary work of all kinds during 1942. This exceeds their 1941 figure by \$17,715. (And the 1941 pledges, be it noted, were over-subscribed by more than \$28,000!)

Dr. A. L. Warnshuis, secretary of the International Missionary Council, tells us that the churches in *Nazi-dominated* countries are reporting *increases* in contributions for missionary work. A group in Paris has just resumed support of its African missions!

The war will stop; missions will never stop.



Buffalo Courier-Express

BONDS—WHICH?

THIRTY CHURCHES: Emporia, Kansas, is a town of 10,000 people, the home of the Emporia Gazette and the Gazette's world-famous editor, William Allen White, and thirty churches with a long, long vision. The other day the thirty churches held a union service in the City Auditorium. Let Mr. White report it:

"It was a war meeting without hate. Not one note of rage or rancor sounded in the hall. No exulting war songs were sung. The whole tone and attitude of the meeting was that of a fervent prayer for a final peace with justice... The war was met as a great tragedy visited upon humanity as a consequence of their shortcomings, the wages of sin. That is to say, our selfishness, our national pride, our national sloth, our inability to do in the walks of peace what we are trying to do in the path of war."

Good for Emporia!

DIFFERENT: Traveling across the country, your editor has just been getting a good look at young America in arms.

They crowded every railroad terminal in every great city; they were on every train, on every street-corner. They are... different.

We mean different from the boys we knew in the U. S. Army in World War I. Then, we were on a great lark; we were going over to capture the Kaiser and bring him back riding a rail, and we were going to save the world for Democracy. We were gay about that. These boys—well, they just aren't gay. They know, after twenty years of *our* talking of the blessings of peace and the horrors of war, just what war and peace are. They do *not* want this war; they are on no lark.

But they will go, and they will fight. The men who refuse to go are a drop in the bucket of our potential man-power. They will fight, for they know that only thus will they keep what they have of the blessings of peace and the Christian way. And something tells us that when it is over, they will insist that we do more to forestall World War III than we did to forestall World War II.

FEDERATION? The greatest news to break among American Lutherans in this generation came last week, when we learned that the preliminary steps toward the eventual establishment of a federated Lutheran Church in America had been taken.

The move embraces the eight bodies now affiliated with the National Lutheran Council. A special committee, including in its membership the president of each affiliate, was appointed to draft a tentative unity plan. Called "the most practical step yet undertaken by Lutheran bodies," the Federation (if and when) will include the United Lutheran Church, the American Lutheran Church, The Norwegian Lutheran Church, the Augustana Synod, the United Danish Church, the Lutheran Free Church, the Danish Church and the Suomi Synod (Finnish).

A NEW IDEA: Churches with sound motion picture facilities will be interested in the new picture just put out by King Cole, 203 East 26th Street, New York, entitled "The Ancient Stones Cry Out." It is made up of excellent slides accompanied by a lecture on the verifications of the Bible found carved in ancient stones. This is a new technique and forms splendid religious educational material.

INTEREST: Schools of religion within the public school have caught on in a big way at Lewisburg, Pa., and Elkhart, Ind., according to the newspapers. At Lewisburg, there was a *one hundred per cent* enrollment of public school pupils, for a thirteen-weeks course; at Elkhart, there was a better than 99% enrollment obtained in the first semester of Bible Study in the third and fourth grades of the public schools. Many Elkhart parents asked that the study be extended to other grades.

TEMPERANCE

COSTS: The whiskey-drinker at the swanky bar throws down a dollar for a drink or two, and we moan, "What extravagance." That dollar is only half the cost involved in his tipling. Either he or some other poor soul has to put up another dollar to pay for hospital treatment, juvenile crime, traffic accident or economic loss that comes to this country annually as a direct result of drinking.

Here it is: during the eight years since repeal in 1933, we have bought some 14,858,617,041 gallons of alcoholic beverage, for which we paid \$25,534,717,339. That's the cost of drinking. But the cost of liquor-inspired crime, accidents, disease, loss of earning power, etc., across the same eight years, is \$24,050,000,000. So say government and labor reports.

Almost dollar for dollar, isn't it? Booze costs plenty.

STIMULANT? The idea that alcohol is a stimulant—that "a good stiff shot sets you up and enables you to do more work"—is one of the first casualties of the war.

Let a sentry be caught drinking on post—and what would happen to him? (Yet we still have liquor being sold on the army posts!)

The U. S. Navy does *not* permit booze aboard a battleship—or any other ship. When the shooting starts, clear eyes, steady nerves are needed.

Industrial leaders charged with the job of getting the material of war into the hands of the men at the front are insisting on dry zones around their plants—the Curtis-Wright Company at Buffalo, for instance. You don't mix lathes and liquor.

The U. S. Government already has converted a great deal of the nation's liquor-distilling capacity to production of commercial alcohol.

What do you mean, alcohol is a stimulant? These men don't seem to think so. Their war-time prohibition is not dry-inspired; it is an economic emergency measure, a matter of health and efficiency—not moral or social reform, at all!

BUSINESS: Up speaks Royal F. Munger, financial editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, with a quaint conclusion: "If John D. Rockefeller could become the richest man in the world without ever touching a drop of alcohol, the plea that drinking is at any time necessary to business success must be flimsy indeed.

"Being sober has never yet cost any man his job, or put him in debt, or made him forget his responsibilities. The reverse has in many tragic instances done all three of these . . . drinking, no matter how you look at it, has no place in business."

Enter, the *real* business man!

MAN OF WAR



PETE is a quiet, peace-loving man. Treats his family fine and pays his bills and gets along with his neighbors. Hasn't struck a blow in anger since he was a kid and caught another boy mistreating a dog.

But today Pete is mad clear through. You'd never guess it to see him at home; if anything he's quieter than ever. He isn't the kind to go around gritting his teeth and calling names.

When you see him at work, though—then's when you realize the difference. For there's a deadly precision in the way he goes about his work. He's on the job a little before starting time; he pays more careful attention to what he's doing; he knows what he's building and for whom he's building it. And that's why he's probably the most dangerous, the "fightingest" enemy the Axis powers have.

For it's men like Pete—who feel the way he feels, who are doing what he is doing—who are manning the machines in America's factories today. And they're turn-

ing out the deadliest, most effective array of weapons the world has ever seen.

There are a lot of men like Pete among the 125,000 General Electric employees these days. In their off hours you'll find them acting as air-raid wardens in their communities. You'll find them among the more than 100,000 G-E men and women who, without any fanfare or hurrah-boys, have signed up for U.S. Defense Bonds to the tune of more than \$20,000,000 a year. But most important of all, you'll find them on their job—doing what they know best, giving it the best they've got.

Quiet, peaceable, determined men of war. They're the men who, a few months ago, took pride in building refrigerators, radios, washing machines, and all the other contributions of electricity to peacetime living. Today they're putting their whole heart into the building of grimmer things—so that they and all of us may the sooner pick up the never-ending job of making better things for a better America. General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

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APRIL 1942



EASTER, OR AN ALIBI

IF EVER there was justification for the alibi, Jesus had it. He came unto His own and His own received Him not. He gave a complete demonstration of selflessness and was thwarted by the selfishness of those to whom He gave all. His intimates refused His method and halted His mission. He was betrayed from within. He was God's only begotten, but He was denounced as the son of Beelzebub.

With utter truth, He could have reported, "Father, the mission you gave me is now defeated. Physically, I can die, but humanly I cannot win. My best and all is not enough. Call me home." But Jesus said, "Thy will be done." Beyond His prayer, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," He asked for no quarter, but accepted His cross.

Thus it is that Jesus is not the faultless man with the perfect alibi, but the resurrection Christ and the world's Redeemer.

The alibi is as old as Satan and as young as springtime, as ancient as the first man and as new as you and I. Recently I read an editorial in a brilliantly edited religious journal. It had to do with the war, and went on to affirm that war is not sin, but hell, that war is God's condemnation upon man because of sin. Certainly I have no quarrel with Sherman's classical name for war. He was right then and twentieth-century war is unspeakably more satanic than the war between the States. But this particular editorial appears in a liberal journal, a journal that has never been identified with conservative theological thought, and to one reader at least the conclusion that war is God's visitation upon sinful man looks like just another alibi. No, man makes war, and has made this one—man, not God. God may and does make even the wrath of men to praise Him, and after the war, (not *out* of the war!) may and must come a peace of righteousness, even the peace of Christ. But to affirm now that this war, this unthinkable horror, this sum of man's inhumanity to man, is God's work, whatever the reason advanced, and whatever the theology, is just another alibi.

Overwhelmingly, or so it seems, America was opposed to participation in world organization and activity for peace. After spending vast treasure and

precious lives to help win the war, we withdrew from the peace, and the least and best that may be said for that is—we helped lose the peace. We professed to think that we could be isolated. We said, "We will have none of Europe's quarrels." Now we know that whatever the origin of the quarrel, we have it: that with all its dire consequences, the overwhelming event is upon us.

There is no excuse for us. History and the Christian ethic, cumulative human experience, were all against our position. Steadily, rapidly, the world had grown smaller until the continents pressed against each other. Trade routes crossed, re-crossed and tangled. National ambitions, physical requirements, the great human needs, made the nations and their jostled peoples one of another. We could not keep ourselves apart. When whispered around the world, every secret was overheard and the old system of balance-of-power agreements and of alliances formed against alliances, was doomed.

We should have known better and also we had registered a sacred vow. Do you remember the prayer about the field in Flanders that we knew, the larks winging upward while the poppies bloomed across the meadows? Do you remember how we declared that if we forgot the blood-red sod, or if we faltered where our comrades did not hesitate, we called then upon God to forget us? Do you remember that prayer? Well, God has answered it. And now our sons, yours and mine, must pay the price of their fathers' failure. Our feet did falter. We did forget, and a world war that dwarfs what we called a world war, into comparative insignificance is the answer to our refusal, is the achievement of our failure.

Blame God for that? Hold Him responsible? Not unless we are morally blind. It is the man who blames himself when the blame belongs to him, who achieves a worthy character and builds a sound, convincing personality. And the principle holds for a nation.

And that is the lesson for us now, for each of us and for America, the lesson of Easter. Not an excuse, but an honest answer; not an escape from life, but an entrance into larger life; not an alibi, but the acceptance of immortal destiny, acceptance not in sterile fear nor in self-pity, but with the propagating power of a marching faith. Then shall we partake of Christ's victory, the victory that triumphs over a cross, that rises from a grave, and that overcomes the world.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Scene at opening of whole interior length. Procession up middle aisle. Great curtains separating nave and crossing being opened. See article beginning on page 14

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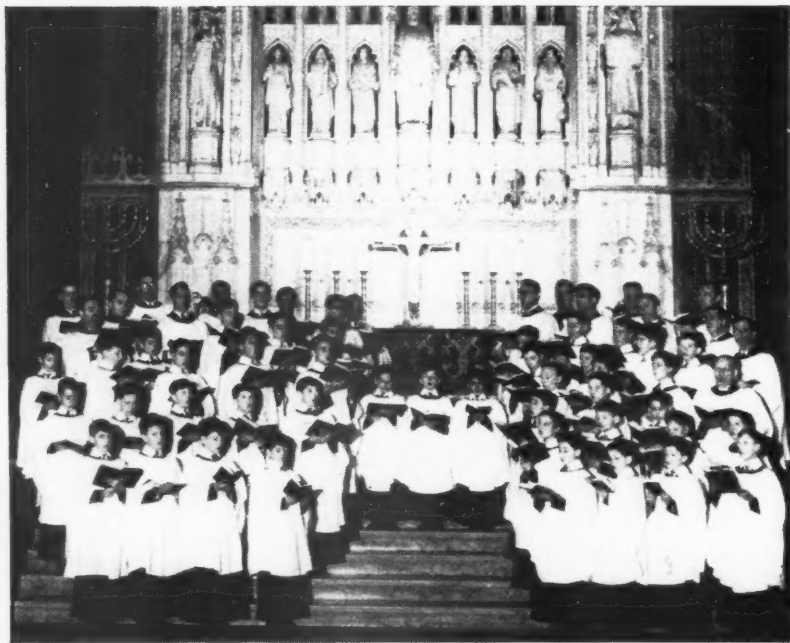
Daniel A. Polin

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



Even the small chapels, like the above, evince the characteristic beauty of plan and finish

Now thank we all our God



Before the high altar this boys' choir sings as if inspired by the surroundings

By

FRANK
S. MEAD



ON THE 30th of November of 1941 the whole world was on fire, the gods of war ran riot 'round the earth and the sky was red with flame and the earth with men's blood; pain and death and fear seemed lords of all the earth. Few men anywhere were stopping long enough to thank God for anything. Mankind from Nome to Rome walked with a stark fear in its eyes and wondered if the end had come; yet at that very terrible moment a bishop in Manhattan read a ringing prayer in the world's largest Gothic cathedral and a huge curtain parted and a breathless dream of a cathedral nave, beauty in frozen stone and stained glass, was thrown open for the first time.

Other cathedrals have thus been thrown open to the prayerful beholding of man, but coming in late '41, this one was somehow different. It was to some of us a sight as startling as the spectacle of another bishop—Leo of old Rome—facing Attila at the gates of Rome and turning the barbarian back when all seemed lost. It was a spectacle as beautifully brazen as that of Jesus Christ, crucified in a crucified world, defying the paganism of the world to outwit the God of love.

The cathedral? St. John the Divine, in New York City. The bishop? William T. Manning. About him sat or stood a congregation of 16,000—war or no war. Around him were brother bishops, college and seminary teachers and presidents, clergymen of all sects, denominations and creeds, a Major General and a Rear Admiral, officials of the National Council of the Episcopal Church, the Governor of the State of New York (a Jew) and the Mayor of the City of New York (Italian-Jewish-American). Look well at these last two; only a matter of a few short weeks before, they were engaged in one of the bitterest name-calling political campaigns in the history of New York; now beneath the singing arches of this House of Prayer For All Peoples (as St. John's is called in its original charter) they dropped all that and walked arm in arm down a nave in which enmity simply cannot live and where understanding and beauty take over and where an unconquerable faith in the ways and methods of a loving God shout a challenge to this bloody, wounded world.

And in the line of march came a man not one in a thousand knew, looking mistily up at the arches overhead, around him at the lovely lines of stonework and at the colored sunlight streaming through the rose window and into the faces of a

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multitude gathered from the ends of the earth. His heart was full. His heart was in the stone, the glass; deep in him called to the deep of this creation—for he had created it. He was Ralph Adams Cram, architect, in whose mind and soul this place had once been but a dream. None save him and God heard the wild cry of his heart, "It is done! It is finished! What once was mine is now Everyman's!"

Architect and bishop—widows who had given their mite that this Cathedral might rise from bare earth—millionaires who loved God, too, and gave their thousands—all who had helped build this House—this was their hour. Men lay frozen on the Russian steppe; artists and musicians lay dead while vultures hovered over them on the Libyan desert; bombers in Tokyo were tuning up for the flight to Pearl Harbor but here in St. John's they sang, fearlessly, confidently for God:

"Now thank we all our God,

With heart and head and hand;

Who wondrous things hath done. . ."

No victory men could ever win on any battlefield could mean more to posterity than this, for this is the victory that overcomes the world. Aye, laughs at it. But—let's leave them there, singing, while we look back.

Back twenty years, and fifty. It took that long to build St. John's. Back, as a matter of fact, one hundred and thirteen years, for it was in 1828, when John Hay Hobart was Bishop of New York and churchman Philip Hone was Mayor, that we find the real beginnings of St. John's. It was 1882 before they had worked out their first crude plans and laid a cornerstone, and today the cathedral is but two-thirds done! Cathedral mills grind slow, but they grind exceedingly beautiful.

By 1899 the crypt chapel was ready; in 1911 there was a service in the new choir and "crossing," and after that there were despairingly long periods when no work on the building could be done at all. In 1921 an Episcopal clergyman named William Manning walked past a huge area of gaping foundations, with nothing above him but the open sky, to his consecration as Bishop. Unbuilt foundations that cried to heaven of a big job started and left undone. That was about all there was then, except for a subtle sense or air of discouragement about the place that had crept into the hearts of the pseudo-cathedral-builders. There were doubtless a good many on Morningside Heights that day who mused that they had "bitten off more than they could chew." Perhaps they should have built something more conservative, something smaller, something less costly. Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps. They pitied the poor Bishop. They dumped the whole weird inheritance in his ecclesiastical lap and wondered what he'd do with it.

There was no "perhaps" in Bishop



Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, center, Architect of the great Cathedral, surveys his completed handiwork. At the left is Bishop Manning, at the right Rev. James D. DeWolfe

Manning. He knew there were two things and only two things to be done about it. They could either quit or go on. They could either finish it or leave it standing there as a bleak, blasting testimony to man's failure to build worthily for God. He wanted no such testimony.

I sat looking at him only yesterday across a desk in his office, and it struck me (as it must have struck the discouraged builders back in '21) that physically at least he was no Atlas called to pick up and carry this Cathedral. In physique, he is and was the smallest man in the Episcopal House of Bishops, but in that slight physique is a consecrated Napoleonic energy. He had a mind to work and build, and he inspired everyone around him to work and build.

He had his troubles, from the start. We asked about them. What obstacles did they face?

"Well," he smiled, "of course, there was the depression. That started in 1929 and lasted quite a while. We couldn't raise much money during those years, for there wasn't much money to be raised. Up to 1924, there had been a total of fifteen million dollars raised and spent. From 1924 on, up to now, in spite of depression and wars, we've raised and spent fifteen millions more. That may not be so bad, considering the years. . ."

Fifteen million dollars! That's a lot of money. There must have been a lot of big contributions from millionaires?

"Not much from millionaires," he re-

plied. "Most of it came from people comparatively poor."

"The—poor?"

"Yes. The poor. If you know your church history you know that the Church has always been built and maintained by the poor, or at least the 'moderately-well-fixed.' You know, it used to make me mad to hear people say, 'Why all this money for a Cathedral? Why don't you give it to the poor?' The truth is, of course, that we could have given every cent we raised to the poor, and a year from the day we gave it away we would have just as many poor as ever—and no cathedral for them to worship in!

"The 'poor' seemed to understand that better than our critics; it was their money that built this House of God. Their pennies and nickels and dimes. We had thousands of contributions in dimes and quarters; there is one gift of three cents recorded on our books, and we're proud of it. They came from all over the city and country. We had no congregation to fall back upon; a Cathedral, you know, has no congregation of its own. It depends upon the people in the parishes of the Diocese—there are some 280 churches in this Diocese—to support it. They supported it; objection from the critics only made them more interested.

"Then there were the folks who thought it was too much money for a church even though they believed in

(Continued on page 43)




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Lieutenant John B. Duncan, post chaplain (second from left) with some of the selectees in his regiment, in the consultation room of the new Arlington Cantonment Chapel, the first to be completed in the War Department's program calling for 555 such chapels

But don't call him GENERAL

By O. K. Armstrong

 SOME weeks ago I was discussing with the editor of *Christian Herald* the importance of the work of the chaplains who serve with our fighting forces.

"Why not go out to one of the army camps and find out first-hand what these chaplains do, and how they do it?" he suggested, and I of course agreed.

I visited several camps, in the East, South and Midwest. As I met these men of religion in field and camp, as I talked to them, listened to their messages and followed them about on their rounds of duties, I sensed that a new spirit pervades the work of the army chaplain.

As a veteran of the last World War, I remembered the chaplains as men who held religious services on Sunday in the Y. hut, in the empty stable or under a tent somewhere, and during the week carried on athletics and welfare activities as requested by the commanding officer.

That's all changed! And for the better. The army chaplain has his neat, white chapel, in one corner of which is his office for study and consultation. He

is supplied with assistants for clerical and detail work. He has all the equipment needed for worship. He's no longer a catch-all morale camp follower. His duty is specific: *To be the spiritual leader to the men in the service.*

In Washington, I sought out the Rev. William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains, and asked him about it. I found a forthright, candid, vigorous man, who greeted me cordially and entered with obvious enjoyment into a discussion of what these chaplains—nearly two thousand in number—are doing.

"Yes—the emphasis is definitely upon *spiritual leadership.*" Chaplain Arnold said. "We believe—and the War Department backs us in it—that sound and vigorous spirituality in thought and action is the only sure foundation for real patriotism and personal peace and happiness.

"The chaplain's responsibility is truly tremendous. Some young men come into the service with religious background and training. Others have no knowledge of God and His eternal law. For all these men there is the necessity of religious



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Chaplain William R. Arnold, at his desk after being sworn in as a Brigadier General, the first Army Chaplain ever to attain that rank

worship and discipline, and of the sure means God provides for their spiritual growth and security. Who can measure the value of the teaching, the spiritual leadership, of an able and zealous chaplain?"

Chief of Chaplains Arnold wears the silver star of a brigadier-general. But don't call him "general." Call him "Chaplain Arnold." And that goes for all these men of God with the forces, regardless of the insignia on their shoulders. Another improvement over World War days! Their rank indicates their military classification—that's all. Whether lieutenants, captains, majors or the few who go higher than that, they're Chaplain Brown and Chaplain Smith. It's a lot easier for Buck-Private Joe Dinks, out of luck and in the guardhouse,



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Truck and trailer issued to Division Chaplain C. M. Kinard, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Each division is to be similarly equipped



Post Chaplain Harold Bomhoff, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, advising some of the men at his post



© 105th Observation Squadron Tenn. National Guard

Chaplain J. G. Lambides spreading cheer at the station hospital, Fork Jackson, South Carolina

or in distress over troubles at home, to talk to Chaplain Jones than Captain Jones!

Arnold, born in Ohio on June 10, 1881, has been in the service since June, 1913, serving during the last war in several camps and since then as instructor in chaplains' schools in various parts of the country until December, 1937, when he became Chief of Chaplains with the rank of colonel, the first Catholic chaplain to attain this high honor and responsibility. Last December he was given his present rank. Arnold is heartily liked by his fellow-chaplains for his straight-forward manner and his deep personal sense of spirituality.

In reply to a letter of felicitations from Dr. Poling, he wrote "I am very grateful indeed for your good wishes and your confidence in my efforts to promote the welfare and efficiency of our chaplains.

"My purpose is to obtain every facility for the chaplains who have been given to the Army by the churches for a very definite purpose. It is my conviction that the ultimate result of our physical efforts to defend our country and its principles of government will depend almost entirely on the spiritual quality of our service.

"Without the support and encouragement of yourself and many like you our chaplains in their war for spiritual truth will be in the same plight as the defenders of Wake Island and the Philippines."

Drive into any of the army camps. Above the rows of barracks, training and commissary buildings will stand the spires of the gleaming-white chapels, symbol of the spiritual leadership of the chaplains. These camp chapels are the result of Chaplain Arnold's vision and persistence. He personally appeared before congressional committees to urge that enough money be set aside to build them. There will be one for every regiment and unit of corresponding size in every training center in America. They cost \$21,500 each and seat about 400 men.

I chose Fort Leonard Wood, near my home in the Ozarks of Missouri, as a typical camp in which to observe closely the work of the army chaplains. Near the heart of the nation, Fort Wood has drawn about 40,000 young men into training from every state. Major outfits are the Sixth Division, and the Engineers Replacement Training Center under command of Major-General U. S. Grant III.

There are twelve chapels in Fort Wood. Nearest the headquarters stands the one presided over by Post Chaplain Harold Bomhoff. It was near the end of a busy afternoon when I walked into his office. Could I wait until he had one more consultation?

"You know what that soldier asked me?" Bomhoff said, when the consultation was over and I was seated in the

office. "He said, 'Chaplain, do you think I ought to get leave, go home, and bust my brother-in-law in the nose?'"

"What's your brother-in-law done?" I asked him. He told me the story. The old story—family trouble. I told him busting his sister's husband in the nose wouldn't do any good. I think we worked out a better plan!"

Just one of a thousand such interviews going on in military camps all over this great land of ours. The boys *must* have somebody to tell their troubles, to give them understanding, sympathy and advice. That's the chaplain.

Bomhoff, a Lutheran minister from Aberdeen, S. D., entered the service in April, 1937. That gives him considerable seniority over the hundreds of chaplains that have been called to the colors since our armed forces were expanded by the emergency. But remember, seniority doesn't count. "The Lord preserve me from being an *officers'* chaplain," Bomhoff said. "Any chaplain worthy the name must think in terms of the service he can render to *all* the men, from lowliest to highest in rank." Hearing that, I could not help recalling the words of the Master, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant."

But Chaplain Bomhoff still had a lot of work to do before night. There was an "orientation talk" to make to a regiment at 5 o'clock. After supper, rehearsal for Sunday's music. And he'd have to do some preparing for his "morality lecture" next morning.

I went to see several others of the twenty-eight chaplains in Fort Wood. Chaplain John T. Kendall is the senior of the camp, and one of the seniors in the whole army, with twenty-three years service. A Methodist, he is headquarters chaplain for the Engineers. Chaplain Ford, senior Catholic chaplain, serves the Sixth Division Headquarters.

Twenty-seven denominations, all the major religious groups of the United States, are now represented among our chaplains. Since Fort Wood is typical of the larger posts, it is of interest to note there are seven Baptist chaplains, six Catholic, four Lutheran, three Presbyterian, three Methodist, and one each of Disciples, Episcopal, Evangelical-Reformed and Church of Christ. Two chaplains are Negroes, one Baptist and one Methodist. Two Jewish chaplains were to arrive for duty shortly.

What a fine lot of men! Meeting together, you'd think it was the weekly luncheon of the Ministerial Alliance, except that most of them are younger than the average of ministers back home. Thirty-five is the age limit, except for those who served as chaplains before the emergency. Health, vigor and vitality are in evidence. They'll need all that before they take off their uniforms! Understanding, friendliness and character are written upon their faces. That's why they were selected as chaplains.

But it's Sunday morning and we're on



CHAPLAINS IN ACTION

With the USAFFE in Bataan: by cable from Corregidor P. I., Feb. 13, 1942

MORE than one soldier, hearing bombs landing nearby, not hurling him, or having a bullet nick in his helmet, admitted he never believed in God before. Chaplains and others all agree that more people believe in God since the war has begun. The sight of a soldier sitting by a machine gun reading a Bible is not uncommon in Bataan or Corregidor. Soldiers and even sailors pen briefest notes to chaplains asking for New Testaments. Many chaplains report they have passed out over 2000 copies among the men since the war began.

This week Methodist Chaplain Ralph D. Brown, recently awarded the DSC for bravery in carrying the wounded off Clark Field during continual bombings, penciled the following words to Chaplain Perry L. Wilcox on a crumpled sheet of his field notebook: "Dear Chaplain: I will sincerely appreciate the case of New Testaments I spoke to you about when we met in Bataan. I have hundreds of boys begging for them each week. I am now en route to ----- corps which has suffered heavy casualties this week. They need Scriptures badly, any you don't need will find service here. Sincerely—"

American and Filipino chaplains, both Protestant and Catholic, are working among the troops night and day, staying at the firing lines and not just visiting them. Of nearly thirty American chaplains, there is not one who has not been near falling bombs or whizzing bullets or who has not found what it means when the enemy has continual air superiority. Chaplains are doing everything from holding services midst the jungles right behind the lines to helping men make out wills, insurance, write letters. They hear confessions and give out Bibles, carry dead and wounded under fire. Baptist Chaplain Lt. Robert P. Taylor of Texas is the most recent superb example of the chaplain's courage when, during an attack and under machine-gun and rifle fire, he helped carry the wounded from the Bataan jungles.

Mild-mannered Presbyterian U. S. A. Chaplain, Major John K. Borneman, who served in World War I as an ace flier, chats about a chaplain's typical experiences. Borneman, from Niagara Falls, carries cigarettes, Bibles, toothbrushes to the front and says the men ask all sorts of things of him, including writing their letters home and hearing confessions about the past. One soldier told Borneman he had been married since 1931, ran away from his wife and child, but now wanted to leave them his insurance. On Christmas Day, Borneman, as did other chaplains, carried as many as 1200 greetings and cablegrams from the troops at the front to Manila, having to brave bombings and strafings en route.

Chaplains, though shorthanded, are doing a tremendous service in conducting Christian burial services for every casualty. When they don't know the denomination of the dead, they conduct both Protestant and Catholic services. A story the chaplains all tell is of a Filipino colleague, Elias Calimbas, who conducted Christian services for a corpse which later proved to be Japanese.

Heading the Protestant chaplains is six-footer, light-haired, blue-eyed Lt. Col. Alfred Oliver, Jr. from New Jersey, in service since 1917. Energetic and hardworking, Oliver has had several close calls, as have all the others. Once Oliver's driver saved him from sure death when, approaching a bridge, he suddenly swerved off the road. A few seconds later the bridge was blown up by a demolition crew.

Catholic Chaplain John A. Wilson had a narrow squeak when, riding the same road, he saw men waving their arms, stopped his car and jumped out. Wilson hit the ditch, saw divebombers a few seconds later score nearly a direct hit, demolishing his car.

We are indebted to Time Magazine for permission to print this cablegram

hand early. Chaplain Ford and the other Catholic chaplains hold first mass at 7:30. The Sixth Division Headquarters chapel is crowded. The early light streams through the amber-colored panes of the five large windows on either side, upon the heads and uniformed shoulders of the worshipping men. Officers and enlisted men are all together. Chaplain Ford now has on the robes of his church. For his altar he has erected upon a large table, which slides out from the pulpit wall, the cross, candles and other symbols of the Catholic service. A young man plays the electric organ. Solemnly the mass is intoned.

At 8:30 a Protestant chaplain takes over. At 9:30 there's another Catholic mass, for Catholic boys have the best record for church attendance in camp. All chaplains agree, and it takes two services for every chapel unit of them. We're back at Bomhoff's chapel at 8:30, for his first service of the day. The Catholic chaplain has taken down his equipment and packed it in a black carrying case. Bomhoff places a plain, silver cross in the center of the table, universal sign, simplest symbol, of Christian faith and worship. A young man assisting him places on either side a lighted white candle.

The organ begins. Who's that playing? A Negro corporal. And oh, how he plays! The notes fairly surge from the keys. A quartet sings. A song leader, second-lieutenant at any other time, steps up with his hymnal. The boys reach for their hymnals. It's a neat, red standard-sized book, the result of years of study and effort. Chaplain Ivan L. Bennett, an eminent hymnologist, directed the compilation, and more than sixteen hundred church leaders and musicians were consulted before its completion. It has a section for the Protestant services, another for the Catholic and a third for the Jewish.

"I Need Thee Every Hour"—how the men sing! The chaplain prays. Responsive readings from the hymnal. Then the scripture:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he be dead, yet shall he live . . ."

At these words, many who have sat with lowered eyes lift them to the speaker. Familiar words to most of them! A captain frowns slightly. Does he doubt the resurrection, or is he troubled over that letter from his wife? A whole row of privates sit motionless, listening intently. One from a New York garage, one from an Alabama plantation, another from an Oklahoma railway shop, perhaps. And all hearing the age-old message of hope and assurance. A sergeant's eyes are wet and he blows his nose. Perhaps he's just back from burying a loved one. The preacher back home said these same words . . .

In simple earnestness the sermon proceeds. No oratory—just plain preaching, with conviction back of it. Upon Bom-

hoff's shoulders rests the solemn responsibility, common to all his fellow chaplains of whatever creed, to bring to his hearers a message filled with the living Truth, to impart to them the good news of Life. It's the same responsibility of his fellow preachers back home. But how important the task when the army chaplain sees before him this cross-section of American manhood, transplanted from peaceful pursuits to the defense of their country!

"Who was that Negro organist?" I asked, after the service.

"Oh, he's an answer to a chaplain's dream!" Bomhoff laughed. "He is Arthur Gilbert, from St. Louis, and a Fellow of the Guild of Organists. All chaplains call for volunteer musicians to help with the services, and sometimes some remarkable talent shows up. He came in one day and said, 'Mr. Chaplain, sir, I can play the organ.' I tried him out. Come

rabbi given special permission to serve until the regular Jewish chaplains arrive. The sliding altar-table was pushed back, and two small doors were opened at the center of the wall behind the rabbi, revealing an alcove in which he placed his "Sefer Torah" or scroll of the law. In front was placed the insignia of the Cross of David, and the most ancient of religious rituals proceeded, followed by a straightforward, practical talk.

Every effort is made to administer to the spiritual needs of every man in uniform in every camp in America—a pretty big order! But the cooperation of the churches and church leaders is making it possible. The General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains is the official agency representing the evangelical churches of the United States. It has helped set standards for selection of chaplains, and acts in liaison between



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Above, the first official wedding in the new post chapel at Mitchel Field, Long Island. The bride was Miss Emma Lillian Ernst, and the groom is Duty Sergeant F. Jackson Bainbridge of the 1st G. M. Detachment, Aviation Supply. Chaplain Ralph M. Reed performed the ceremony

around next Sunday night, and you'll hear him in a complete program."

Corporal Gilbert's concerts, it developed, really pack the boys in. When he plays one of the great old hymns, the hearts of his comrades, white or black, are lifted up.

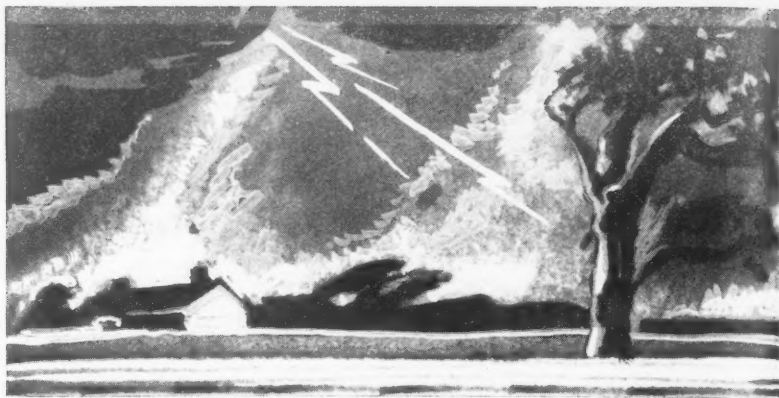
Every chaplain must hold a general or regimental service each Sunday. Then he may hold a denominational service if he cares to—and a majority of them do. Bomhoff, like most of the Protestant chaplains, holds a Bible study class, corresponding to Sunday School, some time during the day. In Fort Wood, the average is more than two services for each chaplain, which means that some hold three and four. There will be an Episcopal service, another for Disciples, a special communion service for Southern Baptists, and so on.

Two Jewish services were held by a

them and their church groups. Dr. S. Arthur Devan is director. In addition, the Chief of Chaplains' office is being assisted by Dr. Paul Moody for Protestants, Bishop John O'Hara for Catholics and Dr. David de Sola Pool for the Jewish Welfare Board.

The chaplains not only welcome, but depend upon, the active assistance of church leaders. Our churches must not miss this great opportunity. They should appoint committees to call upon the commanding officers and chaplains, and if possible arrange for someone to give all his time as a liaison between the churches and the soldiers in the nearest camp. Facilities for social activities under church auspices should be extended, and these tied into an invitation to attend worship. And of course the hospitality of the homes of church people

(Continued on page 48)



By

HELEN HOUTZ



Another Day

About a young farm mother's hopes and fears, and her calm acceptance of overwhelming defeat by the elements, from which she makes a courageous new beginning

MADGE SMITH gathered the baby's basket in one arm, the lighted lantern and the alarm clock in the other. It was just growing light in the east as she stepped cautiously down the two rickety plank steps from the door to the porch. Raising the lantern she looked at the three little boys sprawled on their spring cot, then went around the corner and down the steps to the basement. The soft blur of dawn hid the ramshackle farm buildings and gave them an air of mystery which was broken only by Arthur's whistle as he moved toward the deeper shadows of the barn. From the hill, faint and far away, sounded a cock's crow. Madge smiled to hear an answering challenge, cracked and broken, from one of her own spring flock.

The door at the bottom of the stairs

stuck, and she had to put her burdens down to push it open. She hung the lantern on the nail in the rafter over the table. The wan flame gasped, and the lantern swung dangerously. Already the wind was rising. And even this early it was not refreshing but was weighted with the promise of coming heat. The day would be another scorcher.

She pushed the door shut with her foot. The air became stifling, but she had to have the light. The baby fretted in his basket as Madge moved the sticky yellow sheet with its burden of dead flies from the table to the window sill. Her day had begun.

It was a link in the chain of dull monotony. Breakfast to get, the children to dress and feed, dishes to do, the baby to bathe, butter to churn, then dinner for the harvesting crew and dishes

again. Every day the same. Five years of it!

But that was over now. She paused long enough to glance through the high window at their acres and acres of ripened wheat, a laughing, golden promise of better things.

Arthur hurried in. He had left the milk on the porch by the separator. Madge would take care of it after breakfast. The children followed him in, clattering down the stairs, and began dragging the chairs up to the table.

"Here, you kids, get washed and combed." Arthur's voice was rough but kindly.

Madge watched while he filled his plate with fried potatoes and thick, home-cured ham. She kept her eye on the boys as they splashed a little water on their faces, made a pass at the roller



Junior came for fresh water
and sandwiches for the men

cloth. The door blew open and banged back against the wash stand. The paper that had covered the crock of milk landed in Henry's plate.

The children's howls of delight wakened the baby. Madge gathered him in her arms and sat down at the table to begin her own breakfast.

Arthur turned to look quizzically at the sky through the half light of the basement window. "I don't like the looks of this weather any too well. If the wind gets much higher, some of the wheat is bound to go down."

"Well, we're goin' to cut it down anyway, ain't we?" Junior was an ardent farmer, but his experience was limited by his nine years.

"Cut wheat ain't the same as blowed wheat," Arthur explained. "Blowed wheat can't be picked up with the machine. It's a dead loss."

Madge watched him shove his plate toward the center of the table, wipe his mouth with the back of his hand, and hurry out to have things ready when the men arrived. Two of them were neighbors who were exchanging work with him and were to come today to sand-pump the well. The others were strangers he had hired in town yesterday. "Hoboes" he had called them when he told Madge, but "Samaritans" was the term that came to her mind as she watched them drive the teams toward the field.

"But there's one fleeting hour

That I prayed would stay,"

she hummed as she finished the dishes and went upstairs to attack the beds.

She picked up the boys' quilt from the floor where they had tumbled it. It was a crazy quilt with patches from the dresses of her wedding clothes. It made her think of the comfortable farm where she had gone as a bride and which they had left five years ago to come out here and start out for themselves. They had borrowed the money to buy this unbroken land twenty miles from a railroad. Their children were small—six, four, two, and six months. There was no house on the land and no water, but their courage was dauntless and their hopes were high.

That first year they had spent in breaking the ground, in building fence, and in drilling a well. What income they had came from the hauling Arthur did for the other settlers. Two years more it had taken to purchase the lumber for this two-room-and-basement house, but it was a mansion to them. And it was their own. It had provided a place for Madge's piano, and they had had it sent from back home. There it stood in the corner, a dusty shelf for caps, folded diapers, and the children's toys—the only visible reminder of her years of study.

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towel, and flopped into their places.

"Now eat a good breakfast. You won't be good hands to-day without something to stick to your back-bones." Arthur generously filled their plates and paused between mouthfuls to butter a stack of pancakes for Shirley. "Well, we've got a crop this time for sure. Never saw better even in Iowa. I ain't got the check in my pants pocket yet, but she sure looks good."

Madge knew that it was true. Even their rented Iowa farm had never given better prospects. And now this year when their mortgage came due, they could pay it off. They wouldn't have to go dragging their heels into the back room at the bank and grovel before Mr. Atkins in his high white collar to get an extension of time.

She balanced a stack of pancakes on

her knife and swung it deftly from the stove to the table. "I can't hardly take my eyes off of that field. The sun's just coming up, and it makes it look like—like gold."

"It is gold," Arthur agreed heartily. "After four years of failure we deserve a break. Plenty of times we've been fooled, but this time we've got it."

"And before we go into the bank to settle up with Mr. Atkins," Madge asserted, "I'm going to have me a new hat. I've got it all picked out at the Golden Rule store. It's a silk—."

"Aw, Shirley! Mom, look at her. She's got syrup all over the table." Junior voiced all the scorn of the nine-year-old for the mistakes of six.

Madge snapped the coffee pot back on the stove and seized a rag to mop at the sticky flood spreading over the oil-



A missionary conducts Sunday School services for these children of migrant potato pickers in California

Photos © Farm Security Administration



This little child has to be left alone while Papa and Mamma work in the fields

MISSIONARY

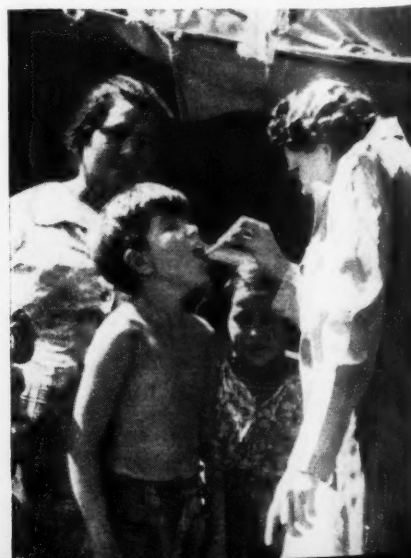


To families like the one above, the services conducted by missionaries, below, mean a welcome change from the drab monotony of camp life



Photo © Council for Home Nations

A nurse interested this couple in religion. Another is giving migrant children the "once-over"



By HAROLD PREECE

THE old victrola wheezed and growled like an ancient jalopy trying to make up its mind whether to travel as the short, plainly-dressed woman turned the crank. "That's just the way our old Ford kicks up when we start hitting out for the next crop," a tow-headed boy of twelve remarked while waiting, with eight or ten other children in the migrant camp, for the battered instrument to begin playing. As the needle plowed into the grooves of the record, the children joined in the tune—"Jesus Loves Me." Their shrill young voices echoed across the Santa Clara Valley orchard where their parents busied themselves picking the peaches which you

stories before bedtime. "I mind how she got a dentist for my boy, Rufe, when he had an abscessed tooth that had to be yanked out. He was all drawn up in his mo' th like he had been chewin' on green apples and pain killer didn't do him no good. Then Miz Meade dropped by our tent; and next time, she come around, Rufe was whistlin' loud nuff'er thunder 'cause he had that tooth gone."

"My man was laid up with a bad leg over in Kern County," another woman will recall. "We was stranded without gas or grub to get to the next job diggin' potatoes. Mrs. Meade fetched us a doctor. Then she went to the church folks in town and they got us somepn' to eat and some gas to travel on. I'm always glad when she stops by just to say 'hello.' Why, she's just like our neighbors back in McCurtain County."

Then the man, who was once a Sun-

"This is the first time I've ever been in a camp where these church folks work. From now, I tell you I wouldn't want to take my family into a camp where they are not working. When I hear where they're going to be next year, I'm going to that camp no matter what the crop or the money I might make somewhere else. There are some things we want in camp that money just can't buy."

But the world's saints—people whom mankind remembers, like William Booth and Florence Nightingale—have never gone in for self-advertising. Great in their modesty, they have in every age followed quite literally the admonition of their Master: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them." Mrs. Meade would probably deny it, but a doctor, employed by a California county to serve migrants, must have had her in mind when he wrote:

TO THE MIGRANTS

buy at your neighborhood fruit store.

"That's sure a fine song, Mrs. Meade, and we been singin' it since you played it when you was here last week," a little girl of ten said as the woman changed records. "Mamma was sayin' last night that she was glad that Bible school followed us around like this. We never missed goin' a Sunday when we was back in Oklahoma."

"I asked my Mamma to let me stay home from the pickin' today so I wouldn't miss the Bible lesson," a little boy of eight piped out. "She's learnin' me to read at night from the Sunday School papers that you left."

"Is your mamma all right from the grippe?" the woman asked the child.

"Oh, yes'm, that medicine you give her done fixed her up fine."

You have to talk to some of the thousands of migratory workers whom she has helped with food, medicine, and with sound religious instruction to get an adequate idea of Gertrude Meade, traveling missionary nurse for the Council of Women for Home Missions. At night, when tired, homeless people rest over camp fires in the Santa Clara or Imperial Valley, they talk of more prosperous times back home "when folks dressed up and went to town on Saturday afternoons and horse-tradin' days." They also talk a lot about the hundreds of devout Christians like Gertrude Meade who keep alive in their hearts that profoundly unique teaching of Christianity that "we are all members one of another" whether we cross the continent in Pullmans or in rusty, secondhand flivvers.

"Mrs. Meade is always around when someone needs help," some gaunt woman will say to those who are swapping



The government, in the migrant camps which it conducts, furnishes tubs, and hot and cold water, so the migrants can keep their clothes clean

day school superintendent until successive drouths drove him from the farm his grandfather homesteaded, will whittle another shaving from the stick in his hand and assert:

"The Lord has a way of findin' folks to get his work done. My wife and I worried about our children missin' Sunday School all the way out here from Kansas. But we hadn't been in California a week before Mrs. Meade came along and started teachin' the kids the Bible and how to brush their teeth. Now that oldest boy of mine can outtalk me on the Scriptures. I'll bet he'll make a preacher yet."

These conversations give point to what a migrant father in Merced County said some time ago:

"So much is heard and read nowadays of organizations and agencies doing this and that for the migrants, but the one who does the most and the most worthwhile thing in helping the migrant is the little missionary nurse, who rarely gets one line of printed matter concerning her work in the paper."


This little woman, who is a living legend to thousands of the West's migratory agricultural workers, wears no halo of pomp and splendor which might keep the folks she wants to help away from her. Maybe that is the reason why she is so successful in her work—she is so downright friendly that people just naturally begin talking to her and telling her about their problems. If you lived in the same block with her, (Continued on page 49)



EASTER SERMON

By Ralph W. Sockman

THE LIFE INVINCIBLE

 THE exalted mood of Easter breaks through language and escapes. On Easter our hearts throb with the pulse of the life invincible. When one seeks to put this feeling into words, he feels at a loss to find any single text that is adequate. If I were asked for one single bridge of words which best carries my faith across the stream of death, it would be these lines: "Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

The clauses in that familiar passage stand like the arches of a bridge leading from the injunction on this side, "Let not your heart be troubled" to the promise on the other side, "I go to prepare a place for you." May we re-examine those arches of faith this Easter season to see if they are still strong enough to support our traffic with the eternal.

The first clause in the bridge of faith is this: "Ye believe in God." The verb means trust rather than mere intellectual belief. Does that arch still hold? Can we men of modern mind still have a trustful belief in God? May I speak frankly in the first person and tell you why I still trust? I believe in God first of all because of what I see in nature. Through the telescope I behold the heavens with their innumerable bodies of unbelievable magnitudes and their illimitable spaces. Yet so orderly are their movements that there are no collisions. When I see the tangles of our city traffic, I stand in admiration of the system which handles the traffic of the Milky Way. And my wonder deepens into awe when astronomers predict to the second the crossings and eclipses of these heavenly bodies. Surely "the heavens declare the glory" of some creative Artist.

And when I take the microscope and peer into the depth of a single drop of water, I behold a tiny world as intricate and perfect in construction as the heavens above. The Creator-Artist who paints sunset panoramas and carves Grand Canyons also makes miniatures in corals, mixes the colors in orchids and maps the courses of electrons. Thus when I behold nature, I am convinced this universe is the creation of a Divine Designer who is making something of it.

When I turn from nature to human nature, I do not, of course, see the same precision of movement. Men in their relations do not move together like stars in their courses. Men clash and kill. But out of the confusion, if I take a long view, I trace some lines of progress. The little six-foot man gains dominion over the beasts of the jungle, the waves of the sea, the currents of the air. From the muddy cave of the savage to the Taj Mahal and the Chartres Cathedral, from the grunts of African tribes to the sessions of scientists on a university campus; from the groaning slaves in Egypt to the broadcasting of "Parsifal" to the humblest home in America—these are lines of progress which to me signify purpose. To be sure, our scientists can still be turned into savage war-makers, our motors can be transformed into tanks, our airplanes can drop bombs on babies; but nevertheless, the standards of moral judgment are rising and the values of life are being lifted. When I sweep the horizon of history, my belief deepens that the Divine Designer cares for man's growth and welfare as well as for the physical universe.

And when I turn my gaze inward at the heart of man, I find some things there which I cannot explain without a moral God to account for them. Not

long ago an airplane lost its landing gear. The passengers did not discover it, but the pilots did. They radioed the news to the landing field. The pilot left the co-pilot at the controls and went back to warn the passengers to keep their seats and their heads. Those pilots might have bailed out to safety, but they stuck to their post of duty until they finally brought the ship down without fatality. Whence comes the sense of honor which causes men to stand by their posts of duty in the face of death? Whence comes the call of conscience which makes a Socrates drink the hemlock rather than betray a principle? Whence flows the milk of human kindness which leads a Good Samaritan to bind up a traveler's wounds when he might have passed by on the other side? Who put into the heart of man that greater love which causeth him to lay down his life for his friends, or that still greater love which lays down life on a cross for one's enemies?

Since water does not rise higher than its source, I cannot believe that these human virtues rise higher than their source. Since man cares for justice and duty and love, there must be a Creator who cares for them, too. And a Creator who cares for such qualities is more than an artist, He is a Heavenly Father.

When I thus come to believe in a Father God, I feel safe in trusting Him to take care of the soul's future. If the Creator of this universe were only an artist, He might throw away His materials in the process of evolving perfection. But a father does not throw away a child. If a father of ten children should lose one, he does not say, "Oh, well, I have nine left. That is enough to work on." No, he leaves the nine to look for the one that is lost. Likewise, the Heavenly Father, like a good shepherd, leaves the ninety and nine to seek the one that has gone astray. That is the gospel picture of God, and that is the faith to which I still come.

Yes, I believe in God—a God who is a Father, whose will it is that not one of the little ones shall be lost, a God who preserves personality in a life beyond.

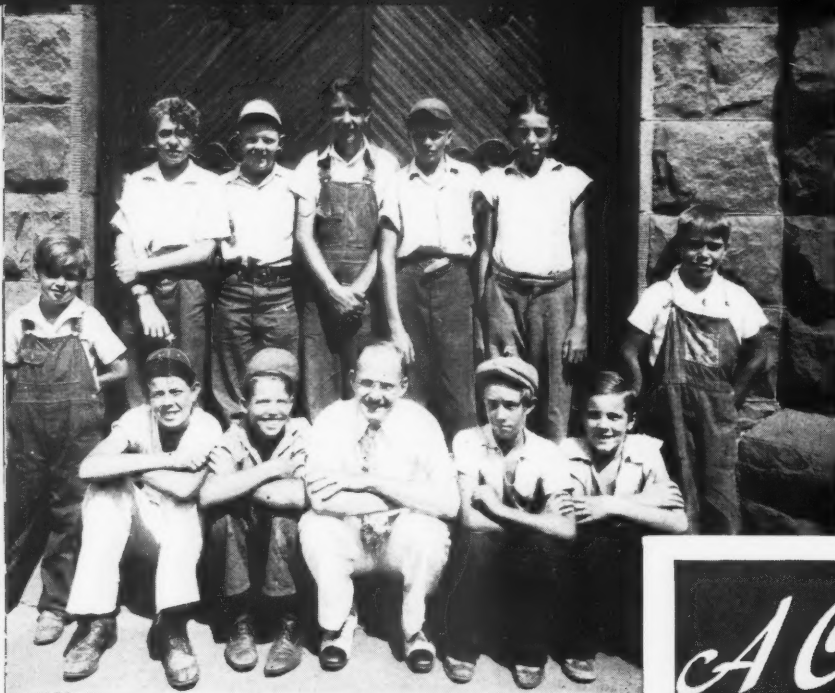
We go on now to the second arch in our bridge of faith. Jesus said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." Is our belief in Christ strong enough to carry out traffic with the eternal? Well, for myself I believe in the absolute honesty of Jesus. He told the people the truth as He saw it, however it might displease those who heard it. In fact He told some people such unpleasant truths that they stopped listening to Him and began plotting His death. Hence, if the honest Jesus had thought the prevalent hope of immortality false, He certainly would have told men so. He reminds His disciples of that fact by saying, "If it were not so, I would have told you."

The acid test of a man's belief in a future life is the confidence with which he confronts his own death. It is one thing to talk bravely about the hereafter: it is quite another thing to walk bravely through the valley of the shadow of death. Jesus did not talk much about death. He lived as if He took immortality for granted. The shadow of His approaching cross did not dim the sunny radiance of His faith. On the last night before His crucifixion the Fourth Gospel interprets Christ as saying, "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world." Jesus stood on the brink of His grave like a graceful diver about to take his leap, trusting the buoyancy of the water into which he was dropping. To him death was not a leap in the dark, but "a leap in the light." Hence, when I behold the way Jesus faced His own death, I feel confident that He, Himself, believed in the life invincible.

Moreover, we have had nineteen centuries to study Christ since His death. I am frank to say that I have some difficulty in reconciling the various reports of our Lord's resurrection. But I have far more difficulty in trying to explain the rise of the Christian church without Christ's resurrection. Something happened which changed the crushed disciples into radiant, confident heralds of a triumphant and risen Lord. Jesus was more of a force on the streets of Jerusalem forty days after His death than He was on Palm Sunday. How can we explain that? If we say that the disciples were deceived by an illusion or a ghost story, we have to remember that ghost stories do not produce moral courage and character in those who believe them. The reappearance of Jesus had an effect on His disciples very different from that which Banquo's ghost had on Macbeth. However we interpret the various appearances of the risen Christ, the fact remains that their effect was to restore the courage, the sanity, the strength of the believers.

(Continued on page 63)





Edgar Wahlberg and some of his boys



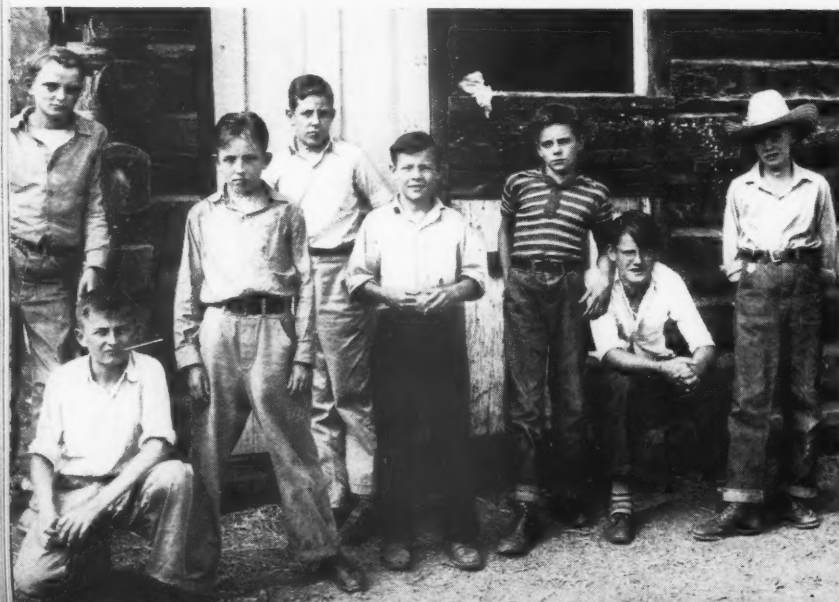
A Church for ALL THE PEOPLE

By

WEBB
WALDRON



Above is a nursery school group and below is a "gang" at Camp Newton



IN HIS home town, Denver, people on street corners, in elevators, greet him with: "Say, Wally, you did a swell job with that kid!" Or, "Wally, we got a fight on our hands—we need your help quick!"

To everybody—newsboys, newspaper reporters, judges, cops, bank presidents, janitors, shoemakers—he is Wally. The Reverend Edgar M. Wahlberg—round-faced, spectacled, small and slight of build, but tough as nails and shrewd as they come—is a forty-two-year-old Methodist preacher who has made his church a vital instrument of social good and a magnificent example of what a church can do.

Not a temple of cold doctrine but a radiant center of human brotherhood: that is Wahlberg's idea of a church. To encourage people to stand on their own feet, to stimulate the community to responsibility for its own welfare, to help those who need help, to open the church wide for every worth-while activity of the people; that is Wahlberg's idea of the church's job.

To get a conception of the remarkable integration of Grace Church with its community, stand any day at the door and watch the human tide. In the morning, working mothers hurrying into

CHRISTIAN HERALD

the Community House, leaving their children at the free nursery, rushing off to their jobs. All day and evening, women streaming in to the Mothers' Clinic. People filtering in all day to the job-finding office. In the evening, the Rambler Gang—young fellows Wally brought in from the streets—crowded around a table watching a chess game between the gang leader and his right hand man. In the church itself, a meeting of the Denver Bakers' Union one thousand strong. In the parsonage across the alley, the Denver Labor College holding a class in public speaking. In the Community House chapel, a Czech group putting on a folk-dance. Upstairs, busy classes in Cooperative Buying, Home Making, First Aid, etc.

Last year attendance at Grace Church

Wahlberg was born in Denver, the son of a Swedish immigrant father; was graduated from the University of Denver, and soon afterward went into the ministry. He is married and has three children.

Early in his career, he proved the value of incentive and activity in the world of youth. One of his jobs was a small church in a company-owned mining town in Utah. Juvenile delinquency was bad.

He said to the mine manager: "You are paying \$2700 a year to have the streets and parks kept clean. Why not hire the boys in town to do the job, at the same price?" The manager agreed. The boys pitched in, did it well, finding an exciting sense of responsibility in doing what grown-ups had formerly done. Juvenile delinquency practically ceased in that town.

"Whenever I have a boy who's a special problem," says young Judge Philip B. Gilliam of the Denver juvenile court, "I call up Wally and say, 'Will you take care of him?'" Wally always says: "Sure!" It is probably the craving for adventure that gets kids into trouble, and Grace Center offers an adventure in new friends, play, craft-work, camp, maybe a job. I know of at least fifteen boys whom Wally has saved from a life of crime.

Five years ago a gang of thirteen boys from Barnum, a district of West Denver, jailed for stealing

cars, were turned over to Wahlberg. Under his care, all thirteen of them made good. Barnum people, alarmed that their district was breeding potential jail-birds, sent a committee to ask Wally what preventive measures to adopt. He suggested a community center. The people got hold of an old abandoned fire-house, pitched in and fixed it up. Old street-car seats were made over into chairs; folks gave tables, stoves and lamps, got up craft-work and games for boys and girls. There has been little or no juvenile delinquency in that section since.

"Regardless of how good people's in-

tentions are," says Wahlberg, "their work is futile if imposed from the outside. A police department, for instance, can't impose goodness on the boy-life of a neighborhood. You must find some root in the community out of which self-improvement and discipline can grow."

Wahlberg's work for boys, his knowledge of them and their world, constantly gets him in for more work. One morning when I was in Denver the daily stream of visitors coming to his study before breakfast included a distracted woman whose boy had been away from home for three nights. She had heard that the Reverend Wahlberg knew about boys' gangs. Could he find her boy? Wahlberg sent for a member of the Rambler Gang. Within three hours, the missing kid was found. Two boys came in to ask Wally to help them get into the merchant marine—one of them a youngster whom Wally had got out of jail a year before and set on the right track. Of all the boys paroled in Wahlberg's care, only two have come back into the clutches of the law; both were mental cases and were sent to a psychiatric hospital.

"After I conduct the first wedding among the members of a gang," says Wahlberg, "I am over the hill—pretty soon the others marry and settle down with jobs."

Four years ago a Denver financier, James S. Newton, stirred by Wahlberg's intense interest in boys, gave Grace Church a 500-acre mountain cow ranch as a boys' camp. Wahlberg asked the Rambler Gang if they would like to go up and help make over the cow ranch into a boy ranch. The gang agreed and these boys, who many people had said wouldn't do a lick of work, hauled ten tons of manure out of the cow sheds onto the hay meadows, then made the sheds into a dormitory. The calf shed became a medical center, the machine shed a kitchen and dining hall, the hay barn a craft center.

Some thirty poor and under-privileged boys are kept up there the year 'round in the invigorating mountain air. Summers, the ranch becomes a camp for children whose parents can't afford the usual summer camps. Grace Church camp has stimulated other Denver organizations to set up summer camps in the mountains for under-privileged children. These were attended last summer by 800 Denver boys and girls who formerly couldn't go to a camp.

But youth activities in a Community Center and summer camps won't guarantee that boys and girls who come from bad homes will grow up wholesomely. In the three-square-mile section around Grace Church, housing conditions were among the worst in town. Denver was advertised as the world's healthiest city, but Wahlberg pointed out that a certain area near his church had one of the world's most shocking infant (Continued on page 55)



A lesson in fun and fair play

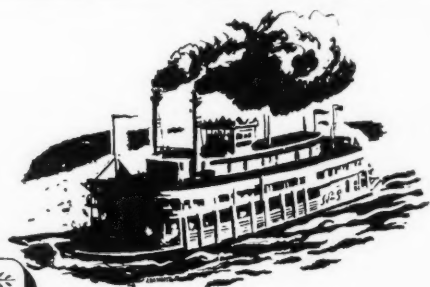
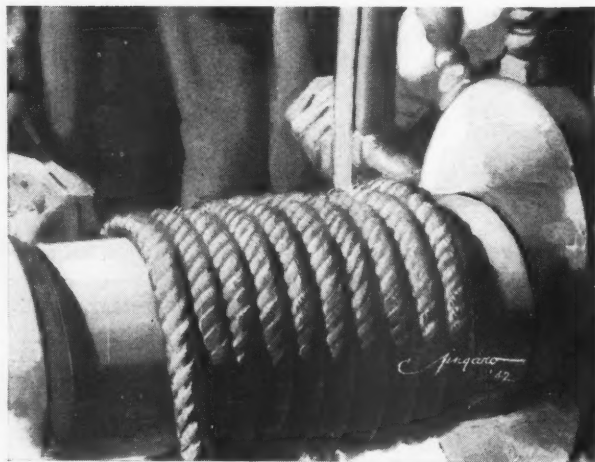


The "Argue Club" in session

activities, outside of religious services, was over 200,000. It included people of twenty-six denominations, not one in twenty a Methodist, and many of no denomination at all. Often there are as many as 240 meetings a month, with some crowded rooms running four shifts a day. In the recreation rooms, which are always jammed, many of the kids are juvenile delinquents paroled in Wahlberg's care. There are thirty-two Grace Church basketball teams, playing in all types of leagues in the city. What had been one of Denver's toughest boys' gangs last winter won the inter-church tournament.



As they neared the familiar bend, Michael asked, "May I blow the whistle, Captain?"



Paddlewheels Churning

[CONCLUSION]

A Tale of Old Missouri By

ANNE TEDLOCK BROOKS

AFTER the destruction of the Tamerlane and the death of Michael, life dragged wearily on, with Elizabeth plunged into deepest grief. Still Judge Granville stubbornly refused to see his bereaved daughter. After the birth of her son, she bought a small house and lived there along with her housekeeper and the baby. The third year after Michael's death, she taught in the Young Ladies' Seminary in Arrow Rock.

After the Tamerlane's loss, David had regained hope of making Elizabeth his wife. But if he had needed time to woo her before her marriage to Michael, he knew that after his death he was doubly in need of it so that she might forget her grief.

Part of his hopes lay in the boy, Kerry. Finally he decided to go to see her the following day.

He found Kerry and his mother picking violets in the wood lot back of the house, and he joined their hunt for the purple blossoms.

"It's been a long time since I saw you last," David said as he straightened up to hand Elizabeth a bouquet.

Her clear blue eyes were bright again and her soft lips bore once more their rosy color. "It has been months, hasn't it?"

"Longer than I like," said David softly, his gray eyes searching her face. Turning to Kerry, he noted that his little tight-kneed trousers had been fashioned from Elizabeth's black cape, and his little shirt from one of her dresses.

And David seeing his worn little garments said suddenly, "Elizabeth, may I help you with Kerry? I have more money than I can use, and I should enjoy providing for him."

Elizabeth absently plucked the petals from the violets he had just handed to her. She said, "Oh, Mr. Franklin, you must know I can't accept money from you. It is kind of you. But we are getting along all right. And Michael left me money," she said proudly. "But I am saving it for Kerry."

Even as he waited for her answer, he had known what it

would be. Tomorrow, he thought, I'll go over my stores of provisions, and send in some, saying they're going to waste. At least, I can do that.

After that, David took great pride in bringing garden vegetables in to Elizabeth and Kerry, and often stopped to chat with the judge for a few moments.

One evening the judge said, "Dave, I heard Jeb Cooney say that Arnold Thelker has a fine horse to sell. He owns a farm about thirty miles farther on the Wapello's route. Could you use another horse?"

"Yes, I'd like to buy another, Judge. Let's see, the Wapello will be here tomorrow. Guess I'll go look at him."

He boarded the Wapello late in the morning to go to the Thelker farm. David got off the steamboat at the little village and hired a rig to drive out to the farm. As he drove along the narrow wagon-track road, he kept the thoughts of Elizabeth uppermost in his mind. Soon he would ask her to marry him. She seemed contented in his company of late. He finally turned into the farm and closed the gate. Dogs sprang from everywhere as he drove up to the large frame house. Above the din of their barking, he heard a man's whistle, and then a colored boy appeared from back of the house.

"Here, boy, take the lines. Is Mr. Thelker here?"

"Yassuh. He heah someplace. Mistah Jim is in de stable. He say he comin'." He motioned vaguely toward the rear of the house, and David saw the stables and sheds back of the wood and stable lots.

The side door of the house opened, and the owner emerged, with a smile on his broad, pleasant face.

"Howdy do. I guess you're Mr. Franklin. Cooney told me about you and said if you needed a horse, you'd probably be out. Let's walk down to the stables."

As they approached, Thelker called, "Jim!"

"Yes, Mr. Thelker. I'm in Boy's stall."

David listened intently. Where could he have heard that deep voice before? Insistently his mind probed his memory. They were opening the stable door now, and stepped into the dimly lighted building. The odor of fresh hay came pleasantly from the loft, and the stalls and the empty mangers were clean.

"H.re, sir," the voice went on. David frowned.

Above the board division he could see a man's black hair as he straightened, and paused in his work for a moment.

"Jim's the finest man I've ever had on the farm. He's intelligent, too. We treat him like one of the family," Thelker said as they crossed the great stone floor of the barn.

David stared at the man, as they came around the corner. He shut his eyes for a brief second, and then looked again.

He was no ghost. He was alive and real, as alive as himself. "The horse is fine. I was just currying him."

"This is Mr. Franklin, Jim. He's come to look at Boy."

Jim smiled at David and said, "How do you do, Mr. Franklin. My hands are dirty, sir." No sign of recognition was in his eyes.

But David knew he was not mistaken. Without doubt, Jim was Michael O'Day!

David searched his face silently while he listened to his praise of the horse. On the cheek that David remembered so well, still remained the scar from his riding crop. His black waving hair had a sprinkling of white over it.

David's knees felt weak. He began to go over the horse. Thelker was disappointed in David's reactions. Boy was a fine horse and he knew that David Franklin should recognize that fact. He looked at him sharply.

After a while they walked toward the house and David said, "Tell me more about Jim. When did you hire him?"

"Jim?" Thelker looked his amazement. "He wandered here from some place down the river. He had been ill for a long time, from some kind of accident. He said some Negroes had found him and nursed him back to health in a shack in the

woods, but they left him and escaped to the border—runaways, you know."

"When was that?"

"About four years ago. He couldn't remember his name, or anything else before the accident. He had a sharp head blow of some kind. He's never been able to recall where he lived or anything about his family."

David said abruptly, "I'll think over your proposition on Boy, and let you know soon. He looks like a mighty fine horse. I'll send a message, or come again myself next week."

David kept to his cabin on the Wapello, on the return trip to Arrow Rock. He had been unable to sleep the night before.

Michael had risen from the dead. But as he was now, he was worse than dead. David could imagine Elizabeth's wild joy if she should learn that he lived. Yet there could be no joy in finding Michael if he could not remember her.

As the Wapello neared Arrow Rock, David tried to decide what he must do. In the east a new operation, trepanning, had just been discovered. The skull could be lifted from the brain and memory restored if it were successful.

But if he were silent about his discovery, no one need ever know about Michael. He could even make some arrangement about getting Michael out of the country—send him to Virginia to his brother. And then he could go ahead and marry Elizabeth.

He leaned his head wearily upon his hands.

All these years he had loved Elizabeth. And to think that just when he had hopes of marrying her, he should be the one to discover that her husband still lived.

Elizabeth! He wanted to ask her to marry him and yet was afraid of her decision. If she said yes, then he would not have the strength to send Michael east for the trepanning operation. And if she said no, then he would always feel that he had sent Michael only because he had not been accepted.

If he sent Michael, then, it must be because he made his own decision, without the influence of Elizabeth's answer.

Then—he knew, he must decide what to do before he saw Elizabeth again.

As Grey Dame picked her way across a fallen tree to step daintily through the ford, David decided.

(Continued on page 57)




Then a soft echo of the last two notes came from the cliff. Elizabeth's hand flew to her breast

CHARLES ZINGARO *Illustrator*

HELP TO OUR NEIGHBORS

By DOROTHY
CANFIELD FISHER

 IN A previous article I have expressed some of the deep concern felt by many thoughtful and sensitive Americans about the way most of us ignore our public schools as soon as our own children have graduated. We seldom or never think of our failure to share, even once in a while, whatever civilized elements we have been able to put into our home life, with those sons and daughters of our fellow-citizens whose parents have not been so successful in their home-making. On the Fourth of July, or during "Education Week," we listen appreciatively and applaud (with our hands, anyhow, maybe not very energetically with our hearts) speakers who tell us that on the American public school depends the future of our democracy. But in general we are apt to think that, when we have paid our taxes, we have done all that citizens need to do for our schools and for our future, our future being the children whose main, sometimes only, contact with the civilization of our nation is the school. This is a little as though we thought that all we needed to do for our own children was to provide some kind of food, shelter and clothing for them, without ever noticing whether it is sufficient and of the right quality, whether they thrive and grow on it, whether something vital is lacking. In neither case will mere money, without some personal attention, take care of complex human needs. My question, put to the readers of *Christian Herald*, was how we might, when we have more than we need for our own families, share with those right around us who have less than they should have. And my suggestion was that since, up to the middle of their adolescence, our younger fellow-Americans are always to be found in the public schools, we can have no uncertainty about where to locate them.

This topic has been for many years in the foreground of my consciousness as an American citizen. It continues to seem to me one of the most vital aspects of our life as citizens. Another aspect of it fills my thought this month, as I sit down to write to my *Christian Herald* friends—the same simple proposition, a commonplace admitted by everyone, that when we have too much, we ought to manage to pass on some of that too-much to those who have too little. Again it is a question of young fellow-Americans who would be vastly more able to grow into useful citizens if only they could have what would be no deprivation for us to do without. They are, this time, not in the public school nearest to our home. But, in spite of geographic distance, the principle involved is exactly the same neighborly compunction which used to make our grandmothers say, "We'll never eat all those pies I baked yesterday. Molly, take one over to the Perkins house. Mrs. Perkins has been sick for a week and hasn't been able to do any baking." We are needed to help some American neighbors of ours live through a serious emergency.

The "Perkins family" in this case—those who, because of especially difficult circumstances haven't been able to keep their family life up to a level which allows their children a fair



*"Our own too-much
unselfishly with those*

chance to enter American life as useful members of our nation—are the Southern mountaineers. The good neighbor who is helping out in what is, in reality, a long-drawn-out emergency, is the organization called the Save-the-Children Federation. And the work being done is so precisely of the kind which seems to me vital, that I'd like to tell you about it.

In the first place, you'll need to know why the Americans who live in the Southern Highlands are not able to keep open for their own children the doors to the opportunity to grow up into the kind of citizens our country must have if it is to survive. To confess the truth, we have a tendency to think that somehow it must be due to shiftlessness on their part. Whether we say so openly or not, what we are apt to think is, "Oh, if they'd only have some more gumption, and work harder, they'd manage—somehow." But, as a matter of plain fact, they are struggling helplessly with an emergency as entirely beyond their power to cope with, as is the broken leg of a wage-earner whose family is dependent on his pay-envelope,

or the long sick-bed illness of a mother whose little children pine and lose weight and grow ill-kempt, unruly and sickly without their mother's care. The neighbors *must* help out a family when the mother is sick. We must help out our Southern mountain neighbors. This is the situation: more than a century ago, when a scattering advance-guard of fine, vital, upstanding pioneer families moved out into the Southern Highlands, the rough, hilly, thickly-wooded country was full of big game, deer, bear, wild turkey—it makes one's mouth water to read how well those first generations ate. The men were wonderful shots (still are) and the plentiful meals prepared by the women from the savory wild meat brought in by the hunters gave strength and vitality in full measure to the growing-up children. Furthermore, when a clearing was made in the woods, the soil was excellent—teeming full as it was of the humus accumulated by untold ages of rotting forest-leaves. Corn needed little cultivation. Planted with a pointed stick, it grew prodigiously in that fabulously fertile inheritance from the past.

But we all know what happens to game in a region where white men with accurately shooting shot-guns and rifles move in, and have large families of sons and grandsons who are also crack marksmen. And we all, even city-dwellers, know what happens to steeply side-hill soil when stripped of its portecting cover of vegetation, when it loses the strong mesh of roots which hold it in place. Little by little, the big game which furnished the bulk of the food, grew scarcer, grew practically extinct. Little by little the soil in the steeply sloping fields, laid open to the wash of rain as it was, grew stonier, less fertile, finally was nothing but deeply gullied, wholly arid ridges, only the sterile mineral subsoil left. And all this time, more and more babies were born in the little two-room log shacks, more and more little girls and boys swarmed in and out of the sagging doors, growing up to mate too young (as underprivileged children are apt to), marrying, taking part of the family acres as their marriage portion, building another little unpainted cabin, and starting rapidly to lay open more hill-steep acres to the destructive down-pour of rain, to hunt and kill with increasing intensity of effort what small game could still be found, to bear more swarms of little boys and girls of the best old-American stock, but underfed, under-educated, badly clothed, badly educated, their physical disabilities never corrected. And in no time—for in primitive conditions, the generations succeed each other fast—these other, later boys and girls married, with their teeth rotting in their jaws, with bad tonsils, bad eyes, anaemic, strengthless, hardly educated at all, and took over other pieces of hilly land to strip of its cover,

by the few months of meager schooling which was all their poor home-towns could afford to give them. But behind them are more and more and more like them, pushed out of their homes by the desperate instinct of self-preservation. Those who, despairing of being able to cope with modern well-fed, well-taught, well-trained workers, remain in the mountains, have even less than they themselves received, to give their children of what they need, to prepare them for strong, efficient, vital citizenship. The ones who, in ever-increasing numbers, straggle out to live on the margin of busy modern industrial life, are often heavy burdens on the communities where they live, insoluble problems for the welfare-departments of states and municipalities where they settle.

And—listen, this is important—you would be in the same situation as they, if your great-grandparents had been with theirs in the trek to the rich free hunting-grounds of those wonderful mountains, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, instead of moving to Ohio, or Iowa or Western New York. They are no more to blame than the children of your neighbor, the sick-abled Mrs. Perkins, are, because their faces are pale and unwashed. They are like any neighbors who have had misfortunes. If we have any Christian qualities at all, we must recognize it as the most obvious duty to help them.

And, Christians or not, if we have any ordinary common-sense at all, we must realize that it is to our own interest, it is a safeguard for our own future, to give those children a better chance in life. We cannot even—any more—count on their staying, when grown up, in their own region, where we won't be troubled by seeing their blackened teeth, emaciated forms, lack-luster eyes, listless, strengthless actions. They are likely to move into our very town, our very neighborhood, bringing their bitter need where it will cloud and darken our own lives, if it is not met—and unless we get help to them in their childhood and youth, they will arrive in our midst with all their problems in an advanced stage of misery which makes them all but insoluble.

To help cope with this need, the Save-the-Children Federation is moving with admirable energy and with a typically American ingenuity and thrifty use of what is at hand and available. The Federation is an international organization, which is also working hard to support resident nursery-schools for little British girls and boys whose fathers are under arms, and whose mothers are needed in the industrial work of (Continued on page 47)

*should be shared
who have not enough"*

to plant to corn, to feed poorly other big families of desperately underprivileged children without milk to drink, without vitamins, without education.

Now, while this tragedy was being enacted, all around it, other Americans not a bit better originally in native vitality and intelligence, (for the Southern mountaineers are, in innate qualities, of first-rate personalities) were profiting by the material benefits that a complex industrial society has to give its members. Generation by generation, they lived in better houses, had better medical and dental care, better schools for their children, better water, better milk. It was not long before the children of the mountaineer families could not compete for jobs when, seeing that there was no room for them in the home region, some of them began to drift over the edge of the mountains and try to earn their livings elsewhere. They could get only the poorest jobs and they could not hold those, constantly enfeebled as they are in grown-up life by illness caused by lack of medical care in childhood; utterly untrained





Beyond the Purple Mountains

By

MARIETTA E. CARTER

[PART TWO]

BART came up once and walked without speaking. Then Jim Blake came over and said, "It's a pretty bad situation. A front wheel went all to pieces. We'll have to go down to the hotel and get a wagon to take you down. It's five miles and it will take two hours or more. I'm going with Bart, and if the phone line is still down, I'll go on horseback to Wallowa for a doctor."

"Why it will take you all night, won't it?" she asked.

"Nearly, I guess, but I'd ride a good many nights to save Harry—I don't see how we can get along without him," he added huskily.

Bart called, "Keep up your courage, Miss Gray, I'll hurry as fast as I can." They mounted two of the horses and leading the others, started off at a gallop.

When the sun dropped behind the hills it began to grow chilly, and the disgruntled passenger, whom his companions called "Jack," came carrying the two lap robes from the stage, and asked if he should spread them over the unconscious form. At last the rumble of wheels broke the stillness and Bart came through the darkness, with a farm wagon supporting a big hayrack: the best means of transportation the hotel afforded. The baggage and mail were loaded in, and as comfortable a seat as could be contrived was arranged for Mary Ellen. Then Harry was gently lifted in and his head placed on her lap. Bart drove carefully as they made their way through the darkness on down the canyon to the hotel, reaching there about ten o'clock.

Mrs. Scott, the pleasant-faced landlady, had a bed prepared for Harry and a piping hot supper awaiting the others.

"I don't think a doctor can reach here much before noon," Mrs. Scott said,

"and all we can do is to wait and hope. I think you are doing all you can," she said to Mary Ellen, "just give him plenty of air and keep his head cool. But you must be worn out, Miss Gray, won't you let me sit by him tonight?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Scott, I think you have about all you can do with this houseful of people. I will watch by him until the doctor comes."

After the dull hum of voices had died down and the house became quiet and still, Mary Ellen stood for a long time and looked at the finely chiseled features of the white face, her hands so tightly clasped as to drive the color from her fingernails. Once or twice during the night Harry's heart-beat seemed less strong, but with the flush of dawn in the east his heart-beat grew stronger, and at times his eyelids fluttered.



Just as the sun peeped up over the willows along the river, Mrs. Scott called breakfast, and as soon as they were all seated, Bart announced that they would start on schedule time, and would go in the wagon with the hayrack. They all clambered in with unsmiling faces, at the prospect of twenty miles of mud and chuckholes to Wallowa, where they could secure a hack for the remaining eighteen miles to Joseph.

An unusually swift and husky team carried Dr. Thorne over the long stretch of muddy road, in record time, and he reached the hotel at the foot of the canyon two hours earlier than he was expected. He thoroughly examined his patient and administered a hypodermic. Then after dressing the wound, he said, "A very close call, but he has a chance. Miss Gray, can you stay with him?"

"Yes, I'll be glad to stay."

"Thank you. We may pull him through. Just follow directions and watch his heart closely. Send me word on every morning stage. I'll send word back, but it's too far to come. He is in your hands now; we can only wait and hope."

She rested an hour at intervals while Mrs. Scott took her place by the bedside. At times the pulse beat stronger and then seemed to grow very weak, and at those times she found herself repeating, "Everything works together for good. That great power of Eternal Good upholds and restores him."

The second morning, the rays of the rising sun stole in at the window and crept across the room, and up, until they rested aslant the closed eyes. The eyelids fluttered once, then again, and slowly raised. Mary Ellen sat motionless—almost breathless, while two dark gray eyes looked into hers, and a low voice

asked, "Where am I?"

"You are at the Halfway House."

The low voice continued, "I promised to see you here tonight, didn't I?"

"Yes," she said, "and you kept your promise. Now go to sleep and we'll talk tomorrow."

He closed his eyes and dropped to sleep. His breath, though faint, came naturally and his heart was stronger. He slept until the caressing rays of the morning sun again stole over the pale face and kissed his mouth and eyes. He opened his eyes and a faint smile curved his lips as he said, "I'm glad I'm here. You were good to stay." She said, "I'm glad I stayed." Presently he asked, "What happened?"

She said, "The stage tipped over and threw us out, but we are safe now, here with Mrs. Scott, and everything is all right."

He closed his eyes and rested again, but two or three times during the day he opened them and asked a few questions. From that time on his recovery was so rapid that within a few days Mary Ellen felt that Mrs. Scott could attend to all his needs and that she should go on to Bessie's. When she greeted him on Sunday morning she said, "You are doing so fine now and Mrs. Scott thinks she can handle you, and make you be good," smiling at him, "so I think I'll go on tomorrow to see Bessie."

For a long moment he sat running his fingers through the fringe of the coverlet, then without looking up he said, "Miss Gray, I can't think how to tell you how I appreciate what you have done for me, so I won't try now, but I'm going to keep thinking, and sometime I shall be able to tell you."

"I am more than glad that I could be a little help, but I don't want you to thank me. The way you can please me most is to help somebody else whenever you have an opportunity."

"Since you are going so soon, will you be good enough to write a letter to the

school board for me? I'd like to recommend you to them and send your other recommendations in. I think I can assure you of the school, and I believe they will want it to begin next Monday if possible."

"So soon!" she exclaimed. "Why that will be nearly on schedule time. That will give me a short visit with Bessie, but I'll be ready. How can I get out there, and where shall I go first?"

"I think they will arrange to take you out, and they will see that you have a place to stay. Count on the people of the 'Timbered hills' for kindness and hospitality. I hope to be there a week later. I hope you will like it and be happy out there. Some of the folks are a little rough, but they are good and true: unpolished diamonds as it were."

She could hardly conceal her impatience to get started and was bubbling with interest and excitement when the stage drove up in front of the door on Monday morning. She told Mr. and Mrs. Scott good-by, then took Harry's hand saying, "Now I want you to come just as soon as you are able, for I'm going to miss you."

When the old stage-coach rumbled into town and pulled up before the rambling frontier hotel, Bessie and Clint rushed out with open arms to greet her, while Morris, their shy, ten-year-old son, brought up the rear. Jim Blake came running across the street from the courthouse in the square opposite the hotel, with hat in hand, saying, "All our honor to our nurse and benefactress! How did you leave the boy?"

"He is doing nicely, improving wonderfully fast. It wouldn't surprise me to see him in Enterprise within a week."

"We are all mighty glad to hear it, and feel under everlasting obligations for what you have done, and everybody is going to be good to you in return, myself included," he smilingly added, as he lifted his hat and turned toward the courthouse.



Bessie had made every preparation in order to give Mary Ellen a restful, yet pleasant visit. Clint spent as much time at home as he could spare from the office, and stretched a point on two or three evenings, by actually neglecting work to stay at home. He told Mary Ellen she was very fortunate to get into the Little Elk neighborhood.

"Since you have to be out in the wilderness, you couldn't have struck a better place," he said. "The people are better and cleaner there. They are not so ignorant and coarse as in most of these outlying districts. And you are right at the post office where you can get your mail twice a week. Harry Reid and his aunt—everybody calls her Grandma Doughty—live only six miles from the schoolhouse. She is known the country over as one of the best of women, and Harry—well I guess I don't need to say anything in his praise. You've seen how everybody likes him."

One evening about the middle of the week, Jim Blake dropped in for a chat. Having lived there a good many years and served two terms as County Sheriff, he was prepared to give Mary Ellen a good insight into the conditions existing in a sheep and cattle country, as well as the customs of the people. She soon learned that the biggest problem facing the law-abiding people was the one of cattle stealing. It seemed to go on year after year, continually assuming greater proportions, but was handled with such keen wit and caution, as to evade every effort to detect it by the alert officers of the law. Only a few minor, isolated cases had been proved and the culprits brought to justice. She was greatly interested in the incidents they related in regard to the hostility between the sheep and cattlemen.

After he left she said, "He seems to be a good honest fellow, but a bit conceited, I think. Does his family live here?"

Clint laughed and said, "That's a joke. Nobody would like to have a family better than Jim, but some way he just don't seem to make a hit with the women, though nobody tries harder than he. You'll probably find him making excuses that business takes him out to Little Elk this summer."

"That's too bad," said Mary Ellen. "I don't understand why it is. He is quite good looking, and is intelligent and interesting to talk with."

"Yes, he is, but I guess the girls think he is too old, and he don't seem to find anybody his own age—he must be past forty."

Mary Ellen only smiled.

One day Clint said, "Mary Ellen, I've been wanting to talk 'Homestead' with you. What do you think of the idea of becoming a landowner? If you are going to live out here, you might just as well make it pay. There is still some pretty good range land to be had. Jim, Charlie and I have been considering it a good

while. We want to take homesteads adjoining and make a joint cattle ranch of it. You could go in with us, that would give us a whole section, and we could use all the open range near us. How does it strike you?"

"Oh it sounds perfectly fascinating. I'm all for it. When can we begin?"

"You talk it over with Harry and see if he knows of any good open land out that way, and we'll all keep our eyes open too."

The Saturday mail brought a letter from Jerry Doughty, chairman of the school board at Little Elk, telling Mary Ellen that she had been selected as teacher, and that someone would be there on Sunday morning to take her out. She made hurried preparations and was ready early Sunday. As the sun peeped over the eastern hills, a prancing bay team and rubber-tired buggy stopped in front of the house, and Jim Blake stepped out. Clint could not repress a broad smile at Mary Ellen's surprise. She turned to kiss Bessie good-by and whispered, "I thought it would be one of the school board."

Enterprise nestled in a narrow basin on the bank of the river. Great, bare hills met the eye on the north, east, and west, but to the south, the land sloped gradually upward from the river to the magnificent mountains; capped with snow more than half the year. The rich alluvial soil of the slope was thickly dotted with prosperous farms and orchards.

Jim swung the bays to the east and headed toward the hills, on the twenty-five mile stretch to the little valley where the waters of the Little Elk and Crow Creek met in friendly union. The pale blue dome overhead seemed to rest gently on the hills as the morning sun cast a golden blush on their uplifted faces. The air was crisp, and sweet with the scent of spring flowers. They drove up a high hill and as they topped it a great ranch lay spread out before them. A long, low ranch house with porches on three sides and a massive stone fireplace at one end, stood surrounded by numerous outbuildings and a big barn. A row of tall pop-

lars ran along on the south of the buildings, and a grove of quaking aspen and willows, in a draw back of the house indicated the presence of a spring. The corrals lay back of the barn, and lines of fence posts reached out in every direction as far as the eye could see over the hills.

It was a new and thrilling sight to Mary Ellen and she asked Jim to drive past slowly to enable her to take in the details. He said, "This is 'Rainbow End,' the biggest cattle ranch in the county, and the owner is considered the richest man. He owns thousands of acres and has it all fenced in, and naturally the sheepmen don't like him very well."

Just then a man rode out from the barn, mounted on a magnificent bay horse, the mountings on the equipment glistening like silver in the sunshine. He was fair with auburn hair, and his accoutrements were of the most flashing colors. His broad gray sombrero had a band of scarlet silk and a scarf of the same color was knotted loosely about his neck. He wore a bright green silk shirt, and gray leggings and gloves. He gallantly waved his hat as Jim drove past.

"That is the grandson and heir to the old man's estate. He is a likeable fellow, but terribly conceited. The old man came here forty years ago, a poor man, and now he is called 'The Cattle King.' His name is William Durea and the young fellow's is Walter."

They had come to a point where a side road branched off to the left and he stopped the team, saying, "It is getting along toward noon and we will soon be getting hungry. I have a fine old friend living down here in the canyon and I make it a point to drop in on him when I am out here around mealtime. He is a wonderful cook and can always dish up something good on short notice. If it is agreeable to you we will go down there for dinner."

"Why of course it is agreeable to me."

In a few minutes they came to the edge of a small clearing and looked down upon a pretty scene. A log cabin with a stone fireplace and vines clambering over the front porch, stood in the middle of the clearing. The front yard was filled with flower beds, some already beginning to bloom in the warm sunshine. At either side strawberries and vegetables were laid out in neat rows. The entire yard was inclosed in a white picket fence.

As he neared the house Jim shouted, "Hello," and immediately a tall man with snow-white hair and gentle appearance came down the path to greet them. He moved and spoke with the ease and dignity of a cultured southern gentleman.

Jim said, "Mr. Grant, I am happy to introduce you to Miss Gray who has just arrived from the Willamette Valley. She is to be the teacher at the Little Elk Creek school."

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Decorations by J. E. YUIL

THE MOST UNUSUAL LAYMAN OF MY MINISTRY — SIXTH OF A SERIES



RAMNARAYAN

By

DECOURCY H. RAYNER

I WENT to the Essequibo Coast in British Guiana, South America, straight from theological college five years ago. There, separated by difficulties of transportation from my two colleagues, I found that my duties as a missionary to the East Indians required that I should be not only an evangelist and administrator, but also an educationalist. Fourteen of our thirty primary schools were at my end of the field.

"Golden Fleece" was the picturesque name of the nearest Canadian Presbyterian Mission School, and right there I ran up against my first major problem as a missionary. I found that the staff of native teachers included a young East Indian lad, just sixteen years of age, who was not a professing Christian. This was evident in the fact that he bore but a single name, with no Christian or given name, which showed that he had never been baptized.

Here was a situation that would cause consternation if the news got to the folks back home. Imagine what they would say about a Hindu teaching in a Christian school! Nor did the local church members like it either. The elder was quick to inform me that a good many Christians were wondering why one of their own young people couldn't be employed in the place of pupil teacher Ramnarayan.

My first impulse was to dismiss him. After all, he was but a lad, and only an apprentice at the teaching game. It was not too late for him to change his vocation, or make a start elsewhere. And it was true that there were some of our Christian youth who would be more than glad to take over his job.

Then I realized that it was only fair

to Ramnarayan to hear his side of the story. Perhaps it would give me an opportunity of putting in a quiet word—it might even prove to be the opening to my first conversion.

I found him very reluctant to talk about himself; in fact it took several casual conversations to win his confidence enough to draw out the truth. I found that here was a young man who couldn't be converted, because he was already a follower of Christ, at heart. He bore a Hindu name, but when he revealed his position to me, his brown face bore the radiance of the happy Christian.

The problem wasn't solved by any means—it became more complicated. This lad, at sixteen years of age, was still under parental authority, and the East Indian has a high regard for paternal privileges. Ramnarayan's father was an orthodox Hindu (hadn't he named his son after the great god Ram?) and was dubious about having him teach in a Christian day school. It was certain that he would never agree to a public profession of the Christian faith.

Here was the son of a stern Hindu, a boy who loved and believed in Christ, and yet had not the right to make any declaration on his own. His father was head of the house in fact as well as in name. What were we to do?

To take him out of the home, and to place him with a Christian family, might involve legal proceedings, for the East Indians are quick to take advantage of the law. Moreover, it would antagonize not only his immediate family and all his relatives, and it would cause trouble among the entire village in which Ramnarayan lived, and from which our school drew many of its pupils.

"Carry on," I said to Ramnarayan, "continue to teach, and continue to believe in Christ. A way will open for you."

The way opened much sooner than I had expected, and opened because of what Ramnarayan dared to do in the Master's name. But I mustn't get ahead of the story.

This lad had been teaching in Golden Fleece Sunday School. His father offered no objection; doubtless he considered it part of his duty as a day school teacher. Not many weeks had passed before he came to me and offered to start an open air Sunday School in his own village, on a rice estate some three miles from Golden Fleece.

Remembering the nature of the compound on which he lived, I was somewhat taken aback at the suggestion. Ramnarayan's family resided in a mud-walled hut, with a true-thatched roof, similar to those of their kinsmen and

neighbors. In the center of the village was a small open space, not unlike an American barnyard in appearance and smell. It was there that the livestock of the entire village spent the night—all the cattle and goats and sheep and donkeys, and all the varied kinds of dogs and fowl. There, in that place, he proposed to start an open air Sunday School! Praying that he would succeed, but never expecting it, I gave Ramnarayan the necessary supplies and permission. I could not help but think of the East Indians who had been stoned for their faith in the past.

It was some weeks before I paid a surprise visit to Perseverance, as the little village was called. It was a mile off the coast's only road, and it meant rearranging a Sunday's program to get in to investigate the results of this new venture.

There, in the compound, some fifty children were seated upon the ground, taking in every word that teacher Ramnarayan uttered. Proudly they sang for me two simple children's hymns, and recited some passages of Scripture. But what impressed me most of all was the fact that a circle of adults surrounded the group of young pupils, listening just as eagerly as the children themselves.

I lost no time in assigning another teacher to aid Ramnarayan in the Perseverance Sunday School, and before long the parents had erected a rude thatched roof to keep off the tropical sun and showers of rain, and had installed some crude benches.

The first to join the communicants' class the following year was Ramnarayan. He came with his father's consent, for the man was so proud of this teacher, so much aware of the esteem in which both children and adults held him, that he no longer opposed Ramnarayan's desire to make public profession of his faith.

It was typical of my young friend that he did not come alone, he brought a chum along with him to be baptized and join the church.

At the close of the last class I asked what name they had chosen for the purpose of baptism. They both looked downcast, they hadn't thought of that. I laughed as I remembered that another missionary in similar circumstances had bestowed his father's name upon one of his flock. But there was another way out of the difficulty.

"What Bible name do you like the best?" I questioned. "Which of the characters in the Scriptures is your favorite?"

Ramnarayan's eyes brightened. "Sahib," he said quietly, "I like the story of Samuel. I think I would like the name

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By

JANET MABIE

my private office, and I'm glad I have," it said. "I hardly ever go to church any more, and I'm somewhat ashamed of that. But my mother was musical, and I used to love to hear her sing the hymns. She's been gone nineteen years, and I loved her and miss her, and it brings her near again, hearing you sing the hymns she used to sing when I was a boy." And there was a postcard, with a picture of the Lincoln Memorial. It was postmarked Washington and it said, "Please sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* some morning next week if you can. We are trying in these terrible times to keep the faith; and your singing the hymn will help us remember, in spite of all the signs to the contrary, that *'His truth is marching on.'*"

"That's what I mean," John Metcalf

Easter Music

"SPEAKING TO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART TO THE LORD."—EPHESIANS V; 19



"I BELIEVE there's going to be something special about Easter Sunday this year."

The man who was talking is known to you as *The Hymn Evangelist*. You hear him sing the old familiar hymns in the mornings, at 11:45 War Time, five days a week, through the Colonial Network in New England, and the Mutual Broadcasting System coast-to-coast, and as an international exchange feature over the Canadian Broadcasting System. You sometimes sing the hymns along with him. I know that because I read some of the letters you've sent him. We were talking in Boston, and the postmarks on the letters were Kentucky, and Saskat-

chewan, Oregon and Georgia, Kansas and New Hampshire, and the Grand Tetons and the heart of the Alleghenies and a naval training station on the west coast. You'd have liked his sympathetic understanding of the letters, of the things written between the lines, his perception of what the writing of the letters had meant to the people who wrote them. Some of them were written by hand, some of them on Five-and-Ten-Cent store tablet paper; some in pencil, some in ink that you could tell had stood a long time on the kitchen shelf. One was on business stationery and it hadn't been dictated but was in a bold, executive handwriting. "I have a small radio in

said. "People *want* to keep on believing; and I think Easter Sunday this year is going to have a special quality that will help us all to do so. I believe God gives a *special* hope in times that are critical, when faith inclines to falter. Easter Sunday is agelessly solemn and joyous but I believe this year we're going to find it the means of renewing our faith and conviction."

I watched him closely while he was saying this. If you think he sounds a little like a man with a long grey beard, don't you believe it. He's only about thirty and there's a great sincerity about him, and a good sense of humor too, and you'd like him; he could easily be the young man down the street in your own community, whom you've watched grow up from a kid, chinning himself on convenient apple trees. And while he was saying these things, about the speciality of Easter this year, I remembered something I think is worth setting down for it points up his saying, about Easter, "I believe—" I remember hearing the Reverend C. Leslie Glenn of St. John's Church in Washington tell of someone who raised a question as to which, of all the words in the Bible, were the most important. And a person of insight and wisdom replied, "Of all the words in the Bible I think those recorded in the Gospel according to St. Mark are the most

important. "—only believe, Jesus said to the ruler of the synagogue." And it seemed to me as John Metcalf said, that there might well be something special, very special indeed, about this Easter 1942, if we only believe.

The Metcalf family was always a hymn-singing family. And, because it has a definite bearing on the chosen work of John Metcalf, let's go back for a moment to his boyhood, and to his parents, especially to his father. All through the Middle West you can find people who will know very well who the man was, if we talk about the Cedar Rapids plumbing and heating contractor, Cyrus Metcalf. Only they'd think of him as Cy. Cy Metcalf passed on in 1938, but he left a mark of inspiration behind him that will last a long time.

John Metcalf is tall and slender; Cy Metcalf was short and broad. Cy Metcalf was built like a blacksmith and was a Paul Bunyan-ish kind of a man who could easily help you get your car out if it got stuck in the mud, by the simple expedient of taking hold of the front end, taking a long breath and just lifting her out. He was a man who loved God, and loved music, and loved passing on to others what he felt and knew about both. He was a strict man in a way, but an extremely just one. He believed beyond the shadow of a doubt that to spare the rod was to spoil the child; but he could conduct even his woodshed ritual with such fair-mindedness that, if they caused the party-of-the-second-part to emerge tingling from the disciplinary scuffle, he emerged respecting Pop's point of view! He liked to go to church, because he believed in God, wished to worship, and really liked to attend church.

Cy Metcalf had decided views on home life. There was never a pack of playing cards or any alcoholic beverage in the Metcalf home. He was inclined to skate close to the margin of hospitality if guests in the house attempted to smoke. If he managed to hold his peace until they had gone, you could be sure he'd have all the windows flung open to air the place out before they'd got ten feet away from the front walk. He wouldn't let members of his family dance but he was able to enforce his prohibitions with a good humor that took the sting out of them. He had no wish to seem or be a hard disciplinarian. For instance, he made what anyone will agree was a fair exchange with his son, for his promise not to dance. In return for agreeing not to dance, in high school and college, the boy was given an automobile. It set up a standard of fair-mindedness to go by.

John Metcalf was headed straight for the profession of music from the time he was small. When he was seven he joined the boy's choir of Grace Episcopal Church in Cedar Rapids. He had better luck than some boys; his voice held to-

gether without changing until he was fourteen. If sometimes you have thought, when you were listening to him sing, that he sounded as if it was more than just a way of earning a living, and that he must really take joy in singing the old hymns, you'd be right. When he was a little boy, before he knew anything much about music technically, he felt the loveliness of such hymns as *God is Working His Purpose Out*; so, in a sense, the years of practice and hard work that went into making himself a professional singer were no hardship to him. "When I sing such hymns as *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, and *Shepherd, Show Me How to Go*, on the air, I'm really only continuing to do something which I loved to do, when I was a kid back home," he says. "My father sang a lot around the house. He never sang anything but sacred music. But he was wonderfully lacking in prejudice, and when it looked as though I could make something of my voice, he hadn't the slightest objection to my studying opera and concert music, as well as sacred music."

Well, Cy Metcalf was an industrious man and built a solid place for himself in the business life of Cedar Rapids. And because he thought that it was useless for anyone to try to get along in life without a closeness to God, he interested some of his business friends in forming what came to be known as the Cedar Rapids Business Men's Gospel Team Quartet. He himself sang tenor, a fine, robust tenor; James Killian, the department store man, played the piano—and still does; and the other men who joined him in what was really an exciting and satisfying adventure, had equally robust, fine voices.

Once a week, usually Sundays—though sometimes one or two week-day nights too—Metcalf and his associates would set off in one or two automobiles to hold services in small, outlying communities. They'd go anywhere up to 250 miles from home and usually to communities which couldn't afford regular ministry. If there wasn't any church available, they'd get the people to open up the Grange Hall or a schoolhouse. They'd have a rousing song-service to begin with, and then Cy Met-

calf would take a text and preach a sermon. He'd never been near a divinity school but he had a simple and utter faith in the old-fashioned Gospel, and a fervency talking about it. The meetings invariably took a strong, evangelical turn. He always gave the invitation at the end of each service, and if he had one favorite passage to preach on it was the healings at the pool of Bethesda. He had a remarkable sense of direction to those who were in trouble and a wonderful "You can't take it with you" generosity. The effect of that showed after he was gone, in the account books which had tell-tale columns in red ink. If he knew circumstances had arisen which would make it hard for people to pay what they owed him—well, he simply didn't send the bills. If someone, having received a bill, came to him to explain that it might take a little time, he'd laugh comfortably, say "Forget it!"

This could have made enormous trouble for his wife after he was gone. Instead it became the root of a memorial to her of what her husband had meant in the lives of his fellow citizens. Mrs. Metcalf wanted her husband's business to go on. At first there was nothing to be done but put it in receivership. But then, in the slow, difficult way back to solvency, she found she had one asset that many a business man lives and dies without ever achieving—and that was the enormous respect and living loyalty of the men who had worked in his lifetime for her husband. They wanted the business to go on too, as a memorial to Cy Metcalf, just as much as she did. So, they simply pitched in and helped her to bring that about. A year ago, the courts

(Continued on page 59)




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JOHN METCALF, Hymn Singer

By

CHARLES M. SHELDON

 **T**HOSE four words were spoken calmly by Jesus nearly two thousand years ago. And He Himself was born under the rule of the Roman Empire, one of the most warlike and cruel despotisms the world ever knew. If it wanted anything it went and took it by force. Jesus Himself lived in a conquered Province called Palestine, and a Roman Procurator sat in Jerusalem and sentenced the greatest Peacemaker that ever lived to be crucified just as He was beginning his life work as a teacher. This Roman Empire lived on slavery and an army that obeyed every order in acts of brutality, that cared nothing for human life or rights.

What was Jesus thinking of when He said—"Blessed are the Peacemakers?" Every century since He lived there has been a war somewhere in some part of the world. Even at the present time in the year of our Lord, 1942, the greatest and most bloody war the world has ever known is going on, using modern machinery made by Science to kill and mutilate and torture millions of innocent women and children, and wreck beautiful churches and hospitals and libraries and public buildings. Where are the Peacemakers and what have they been doing since Jesus so long ago called them—"Blessed?"

That is a fair question to ask, and we have a right to expect some sort of answer.

It is, of course, a historical fact that wars have been going on in every century since Jesus was born. But it is also true that since His birth and due to His teaching and influence, human beings all over the world of every nation and tongue have been trying to do what He taught, and multitudes of men and women have died for their faith. Churches and peace societies have been born, and Christian preachers and teachers have been using their influence of voice and life. I find in looking over a sermon I preached only twelve years ago I said:

"It is not generally known, but in Germany, in Saxony, there is a membership of the 'League of Human Rights,' nearly 100,000 strong and increasing rapidly, until by the time this sermon is in print it will have twice that number of members, all of whom are pledged never to go to war and to refuse any military service if a war is declared.

"Movements all over the world to discredit war as a way to settle differences between nations are more than we can mention. When a short time ago the women of Great Britain walked by hundreds up to London to protest against barrack life for their sons they did a thing that had never been done in all English history. And when the women of Berlin a year ago last Christmas, printed circulars and distributed them all over Germany asking fathers and mothers not to buy toy swords and guns for their children, they did a thing never done before by German women. And that was something that was not done by a good many fathers and mothers in America!"

All that was written twelve years ago. A good many things have happened since then. Where are the members of this "League of Human Rights" that pledged so strongly in Germany never to go to war? I understand that many of them have died in concentration camps and others, like my friend Niemoeller, are barely alive. And similar changes have occurred in England where the mothers bless their sons in barracks, and send them on their war-like way, with tears on the face, but prayers in the heart.

Looking back still farther, in Japan at the accession of the Emperor Mutsuhito in 1868, I find this statement of Japanese national life:

"The Meiji era began with the accession to the throne of the Emperor Mutsuhito. It was a period of enlightenment, and in the Enthronement ceremony the Emperor said, 'In administer-



THE SYMBOL OF PEACE IS LIGHT AND TRUTH

Blessed
are the
PEACE
MAKERS



THE SYMBOL OF WAR IS DESTRUCTION AND DESPAIR

ing the business of State we shall settle affairs by public opinion in public representative assembly. This will mean universal manhood suffrage and a trial by Jury."

When the next Emperor ascended the throne these privileges were taken away and about the only thing left was the obligation to obey.

Another item about Japan which the listeners will excuse if it seems rather personal—but I am telling it to make a point that I hope will emphasize some thoughts about Japan.

In 1923 the greatest earthquake Japan ever knew destroyed thousands of houses and killed and wounded thousands of the people. *Christian Herald*, of which I was Editor at the time, sent out an appeal to our subscribers for money to help the stricken Japanese people. Our subscribers are for the most part church members, together with several hundred ministers. Within the last fifty years *Christian Herald* has received from its subscribers and sent out to almost every quarter of the globe over \$25,000,000 to relieve human distress, caused by flood, famine, or pestilence. During the great famine in Russia we gave the Czar Nicholas \$1,000,000 to be used for the suffering people and feed the starving.

The appeal to our subscribers for the earthquake sufferers of Japan was met with a quick and generous response. The amount sent in by our subscribers was \$30,601. In previous years we had sent a total of \$241,000.

The money was cabled over to the missionaries in Japan and used in rebuilding the houses, caring for the wounded, and building a hospital. A news item on the front page of the *Morning Shudder* a few days ago said the Japanese armies had killed all the American missionaries in one part of Japan. If that is true, it seems as if nothing short of the severest punishment to the warlike part of Japan is necessary. The brutality and barbarity of such action passes belief, but that is a part of war when it is practiced by those who have been taught that "war is the greatest source of courage and nobility for the human race." This definition of War is from Hitler's Bible, "Mein Kampf."

I have ventured to tell this story about *Christian Herald* and its gift to the stricken people of Japan to emphasize the other fact that it is not the group of Japanese that we helped that is now warring against us. From very many sources we have been told by Christian Japanese in Japan that their hearts are breaking over the acts of the "war lords" who, like the war lords in Germany, are supreme for the time being over a great number of helpless citizens who are not war-minded and are being crucified in the name of Mars. There is not a better Christian than my friend Kagawa, the Japanese lover of the working people, whose photograph stands before me as I've been writing these words. His heart, (if he is still living) is breaking over the warlike Japanese who are killing the missionaries and practicing unspeakable atrocities on women and children.

Let us pause here for a moment and try to find out how it can happen that a comparatively small number of humans can keep wars going in what we have called civilization? Let us think for a moment of the number of things we have in the world that Jesus never saw when He said "Blessed are the Peacemakers."

Jesus never saw a church, or a Sunday School or a Y.M.C.A. or a Y.W.C.A. or a Salvation Army, or a Red Cross Society or a Missionary Society, or a Peace Society. He never saw a High School or a College or a Hospital. He never saw an operation for cataract or appendicitis, never thought of a cure for diphtheria. Jesus never saw a Republic. There wasn't any. He never saw a printed book or a magazine, or a motion picture or an electric light. He never talked over a telephone or listened to a radio as you now listen, long miles away from the speaker. And there are a hundred things true of Science today that Jesus never saw.

Why then with all this array of wonders that we call civilization has war kept going? Why is the most wicked, wasteful, stupid, and unnecessary habit of the human race a part of our boasted civilization? Do we have any answer to that question?

It seems fair to say that while we have advanced along the track of Science in the discovery of interesting and comfortable things we have not advanced in spiritual and unselfish habits of life. Science has learned how to make a man blind of cata-

ract see again. But Science has not succeeded in making mankind love some one it does not like. And it is fair to say that even the Church, that great institution that Jesus loved, and told Peter the gates of Hell would not prevail against it, yes, even the Church has not succeeded in so inspiring its members that the 600,000,000 Christians in the world have been able to wipe out hate and ill will.

It looks like a pretty serious indictment if one of the greatest spiritual influences in the world has not been able to destroy the war lords who are at this moment murdering our young men and creating horrors that cannot be described. But how else shall we account for the grim facts that look us in the face at this hour of history? All through the centuries there have been individual saints and martyrs. There have been missionaries who have given their lives for their faith. But how about the rank and file of church members whose names are on the rolls but whose daily lives are not signaled as lights of the world, ready to die for their faith?

And let us not be afraid to mention also the great number of so-called civilized citizens in every land who have worshiped money and power instead of the spiritual forces that are necessary to leaven the lump of human society. Here in our own country that we love, in America that we sing of, in the song that we love, how many men and women have lived the life of ease and amusement instead of the life that shapes others for Christian living and example? Would the few war lords have

FROM DR. SHELDON

Topeka, Kansas, March 9, 1942

To the Readers of *Christian Herald*, in response to Birthday Greetings

I have had so many Birthday letters and cards from the readers and friends of *Christian Herald* that I am not able to answer them with personal letters and must answer them in bulk through the *Herald*.

It is a great joy to have so many friends, for after all, the greatest joy in life centers about friendship. And I am more than moved at heart to know that what I have written has been of value to the readers. It all helps to keep me going and in the best language I know I want you all to know how much I have been blessed and helped by your letters and messages, and I am wishing for all of you the satisfaction with life that you have so heartily and kindly wished for me, as we all look forward to a Better World where love will take the place of hate, and friendship take the place of force.

I have been asking myself as the years go by, what, after all, is the Biggest Business in the world. And I find my answer in my message to you all is this: The Biggest Business in the world is helping to make people better people beginning with ourselves. That was the Business of Jesus Christ, the greatest and best person that ever lived. The last thing He said to His disciples was, "Go make Disciples." We will never have a better world until we have better people. And we will not have better people until the people become Christlike and follow Him. The biggest business of every Editor of every paper or magazine is the business of using his paper to make better humans. And that is the business of every Mayor of every town and every Governor of every State and the President of every commercial enterprise.

It is a hope I have that I may be permitted to live long enough to see a warless world. Also I hope to see the churches united in one great union. We are here facing a great crisis with a world war that has at the center of it for all who are known by the Christian name, the value of individual freedom and the life of human Brotherhood that Jesus lived and taught.

In that hope let us walk with Him who knows the way, and He will give us the Victory.

My Greeting to all the *Herald* Friends who have cheered me on my way with an unclouded faith in the final triumph of Right over Wrong and the Kingdom of our Lord established on earth as it is in Heaven.

Affectionately to all,

CHARLES M. SHELDON

risen to such ghastly power if the rank and file of so-called civilized humans that boast of Science and power had emphasized the things of the spirit instead of the material things that Jesus condemned?

Good place for us all to pause again right here. If we are honest with ourselves how can we escape the fact that we have failed to use the tremendous things that go with Science and have not hitched up the power of Science and Progress with the inner powers of the heart and soul. The war lords have got the upper hand because we have been too busy making money and seeking satisfaction in pleasure. And if at the end of this great war now going on the people of the world do not in prayerful repentance resolve to turn around and go the way the Master taught, we shall continue to live in a world racked with the curse of war and mass murder, and the so-called civilization will be a mockery to the decent Christians that break their hearts over the conditions that have existed for so many centuries.

We shall win the war against Japan and Germany. But it will depend on our own inner consecration to a real Christian life if we win a world free from war for our children and theirs.



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

APRIL, 1942

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1

THE GLORY OF THE CROSS
"HEREIN IS LOVE, NOT THAT
WE LOVED GOD."

READ I JOHN 4:7-16

TO THE Jew the cross meant the depths of degradation. The Roman viewed it with contempt; the Greek with loathing. Why then should Paul glory in the cross? Why not emphasize Christ's life rather than His death? John gives the answer. The cross shows the depths to which God's love will stoop, the lengths to which it will go, the appalling suffering it will endure, to save the sinner. Turn anew in adoring love to Calvary where Christ died for us all.

"He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, that we might go at last to heaven, saved by His precious blood."

THURSDAY, APRIL 2

THE WONDER OF WONDERS
"CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY."
READ ROMANS 5:1-8

TIME was when an automobile excited more attention than the stratosphere flights of the airplane do today; when man marveled at the advance which was made with electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, and the radio. Now, as Tennyson says in another connection, "Common is the commonplace." But the crowning wonder of human experience is the love of God for such needy and imperfect creatures as make up the human race. Never let the marvel of Christ's sacrificial love grow commonplace.

For that love that passeth knowledge, we adore Thee, O Christ. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

REMINDERS OF THE REDEEMER
"WE SEE JESUS."
READ HEBREWS 2:8-12

THAT gifted poet, Joseph M. Plunkett gives us this gem: "I see His blood upon the rose, and in the stars the

glory of His eyes; His body amid eternal snows, His tears fall from the skies. I see His face in every flower; the thunder and the singing of the birds are but His voice—and, carved by His power, rocks are His written words. All pathways by His feet are worn; His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea. His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn; His cross is every tree." Happy is the soul which sees tokens of the Christ everywhere.

Touch our eyes that we may see, our hearts that we may feel Thy nearness. So shall we live for Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

THE PICTURED CHRIST
"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."
READ JOHN 12:20-26

HAVE you a picture of Christ in your home? For one thing, it declares to all who enter that we are friends of Christ. It is particularly helpful to young people, starting life together, for they make the silent, yet eloquent, confession that they are definitely on His side. That is not all. Sometimes the sight of that face comforts and strengthens the soul. All that is not ideal. It is far better to carry the likeness of our divine Saviour in our hearts, so that the radiance of His face may be reflected in our lives. Then men may see Jesus.

By all means that may lead to fuller love and loyalty to Thee, O Lord, help us to worthier discipleship. Through Thy grace. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5

THE TRIUMPHANT CHRIST
"THE LORD IS RISEN."
READ MARK 16:1-11

CHRIST is risen! Easter brings its glorious message of victory to a world shadowed by moral defeat, of hope where despair clouds the lives of multitudes, of life eternal where death and its accompanying horrors has been unleashed upon so many nations. Let us rejoice in the atoning sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer, by which the domi-

nation of sin has been broken, and rejoice also in the triumphant resurrection of the Living Lord who is God's pledge that, eventually, "His dominion shall be from sea to sea." Yet only through consecrated lives can His sway be extended. What of us?

By Thine atoning sacrifice, by Thy glorious resurrection, move our souls this day to new devotion to Thy kingdom. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 6

SINGING IN THE RAIN
"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD."
READ PROVERBS 17:17-24

HE STOOD by the hedge in the drenching rain. He looked bedraggled and lonesome. Evidently he was without a home or friends, and our heart pitied him. Yet he was singing to himself, as though to keep his spirits up. We walked up to him. "What have you to be so cheerful about?" we inquired. "Singing in the rain like this . . . it doesn't make sense." He did not answer. He eyed us curiously. Then without a word—he flew away. Yet if that bird could rejoice in spite of tearful skies, why should we be depressed? "Count your blessings!"

Because Thou dost overrule all things for the good of those who love Thee, O God, help us to rejoice in Thee. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7

THE ZEST OF LIFE
"I DELIGHT TO DO THY WILL."
READ PSALM 40:1-8

HAMLET complained that life had become, "Stale, flat, and unprofitable." It cannot be anything but thrilling for the Christian, intent on doing the will of God. When there is no fight to wage against self and sin, no service to render to another, no life to strengthen by our example and faith, no worthy cause in the church and community to which we can lend our strength, no blessed

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

Gospel to impart to others in our own land and beyond the seas, no kingdom of the Christ to usher in—then, and only then—can life be “Stale, flat, and unprofitable.”

Fill our hearts with the joy of living. That joy shall be ours in its fulness as we seek to obey Thee. Through Jesus, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS

“PROVE ALL THINGS.”

READ I THESSALONIANS 5:14-24

WHICH is heavier, they used to ask us: A pound of lead or a pound of feathers? Of course, they are both the same weight. But which is heavier: a pound of feathers or a pound of gold? They are not the same weight. The feathers would weigh sixteen ounces avoirdupois; but the gold only twelve ounces, troy weight. So, in matters of the soul, in questions of Christian consistency, it is unwise to take too much for granted. Our faith can bear scrutiny. It is based on the indisputable Christ. But we ought to know the facts through prayerful study and thought.

Enlighten our minds, deepen our trust, increase our faith. So shall we be Thy witnesses. Through Christ, Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

“ENDURE HARDSHIP AS A GOOD SOLDIER.”

READ TIMOTHY 2:1-12

WHILE the world is thinking in terms of armed forces, we must not lose sight of the spiritual warfare in which we are engaged. An unknown poet says, “From prayer that asks that I may be sheltered from winds that beat on Thee; from fearing when I should aspire; from faltering when I should climb higher; from weakling self, O Captain, free Thy soldier who would follow Thee.” That means we brace ourselves for active service. Thus we shall be fitted to face the difficult and disagreeable task for Christ’s sake.

Lead us, O divine Master, into that strength by which we may be able to endure through the operations of Thy Spirit, Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10

CHASTENING

“HAPPY . . . WHOM GOD CORRECTETH.”

READ JOB 5:7-18

CHARLES DICKENS depicts a strange character named Squeers. He

is a schoolmaster, as ignorant as he is brutal. His method of teaching was to flog a boy who did not know his lessons, and to enforce knowledge by labor. For example, he would say in his English class, “Bot-tin-ney—that is botany, a knowledge of plants.” And the boys would be sent out to weed the garden to fix the idea in their minds. Do we think God’s ways are like that? When the writer of *Hebrews* speaks of chastening, that does not mean chastisement. It is discipline, instruction, education. Learn—lean—love thy God.

O Father, all Thy dealings with us are in wisdom and love. Help us to follow where our Saviour leads, trusting Thee fully. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

GET BUSY

“GO WORK TODAY IN MY VINEYARD.”

READ MATTHEW 21:28-32

PEOPLE are getting out their gardening tools. They know what that means—work, backache, and weariness. But they also know, as a Los Angeles lady puts it, “When the blossoms nod at you, gay colors seem to beckon, too, and humming birds and butterflies and bees flit round to tantalize, a feeling comes that’s quite worth while. God and your hands made that garden smile.” And that is also true of the vineyard of Christian service. Work? Yes; and plenty of it. But fruits also will result. God’s word cannot return to Him void. Go work today!

Create in our hearts, O Saviour, a fervent desire to make the world fairer for Thine eyes. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12

THE GREAT AMEN

“THE LIVING CREATURES SAID, AMEN.”

READ REVELATION 19:1-10

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR’S famous poem of “The Lost Chord” suggests that wondrous anthem of the redeemed. High above the discordant notes of earth, the triumphant song of deliverance and victory shall yet sound. We have heard its prelude in the song of the angels, heralding Christ’s birth. We shall yet hear its sublime harmony. “It may be that death’s bright angel will speak in that chord again—it may be that only in heaven, I shall hear that grand Amen.” But as sure as the sun shall rise in yonder east, Christ shall come to His kingdom. Lift up your heart!

Blessed Saviour, who shalt yet see of the travail of Thy soul and be satisfied,

help us to hasten Thy day of sovereignty. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 13

DON’T GIVE UP

“THE WORK OF OUR HANDS ESTABLISH.”

READ PSALM 90:12-17

A SUCCESSFUL business man recently remarked that, as he looked back, he was staggered to find how easily success might have been failure. It was only one step either way, or holding on a little longer, which had secured the prize. The reverse is also true. Sometimes, failure can be turned into success by a little more devotion, more effort, more courageous grappling with circumstances. Yet whether victory come soon or late, it will come for the Christian, for God’s help is a practical asset for daily living, and His promises are always kept.

Thou faithful Father of us all, help us to a truer dependence on Thee and on our own entrusted powers. Through Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14

THE GROWING SOUL

“GROW IN GRACE AND IN THE KNOWLEDGE.”

READ II PETER 3:14-18

SOME people finish study with their schooldays. That is why they are often ill-informed, and what is worse, ill-equipped for life’s varied experiences. Henry L. Doherty, the successful oil man, once said, “Get over the idea that only children should spend their time in study. Be a student so long as you still have something to learn—and this will mean all your life.” And Paul’s injunction is still more to the point. “Study to show thyself approved unto God.” That is the beginning and the goal of wisdom.

“Let knowledge grow from more to more, but more of reverence in us dwell.” Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15

MAKING EXCUSES

“THEY ALL BEGAN TO MAKE EXCUSE.”

READ LUKE 14:16-24

IN A small hotel, a guest had left orders not to be disturbed. He was annoyed by being awakened at an early hour. “What is it?” he asked. “A telegram, boss,” said the boy. “Then can’t you push it under the door without waking me?” “No, sir, it’s on a tray.” That is nearly as foolish as the excuses made by the men in Christ’s parable, (Continued on page 65)

HOWARD RUSHMORE'S

MOTION PICTURE

Comments

AS LONG as movies are made, there will be argument on the subject of "Art versus Propaganda" but the English have, temporarily at least, answered both sides with *The Invaders*, a really great film which is loaded with propaganda and equally balanced with art. Of all the wartime movies of the past three years, this Columbia release stands out as an example of democracy's way of presenting truth and history through the medium of the screen; it is propaganda but so expertly done and so inspirationally told that it becomes art as we understand it. The 1942 season is young, but this Canadian-made film is one of its most satisfying discoveries.

The Invaders is not an epic, nor does it intend to be one. Rather it shows how people of all walks of life reject and fight against the brute philosophy of Nazism and this is done within a framework of tremendously absorbing drama. Six Nazi sailors, filled with the arrogance of their totalitarian creed, are thrown by circumstance into a world alien to their kind; the way in which they are met and conquered is symbolic of the struggle that is now being fought in every corner of the earth where free men have dedicated their lives to liberty and its preservation.

The six Nazis are members of the crew of a German submarine which has reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence in Canada. Just after they leave the sub, it is destroyed by the R.C.A.F. and the six are marooned near a Hudson's Bay company trading post. They take over the post, and subsequently kill the French-Canadian trapper who laughs at their offer to "free him." Led by fanatical Lieutenant Hirth, the Nazis take over a Canadian plane and are again lost when the aircraft crashes, killing one of the German crew.

This time they find sanctuary, oddly enough, in the midst of the Hutterites, a devout Christian sect who accept them, feed them and ask no questions. But Lieut. Hirth, the eternal propagandist, tries to convert these people to the "New Order" and, despite the fact that the Hutterites are all of German descent, is told that Christianity and Hitlerism are forever incompatible. Vogel, one of the Nazi sailors, seeks to remain with these people, but Hirth executes him as a traitor to the Third Reich.

Violence and death follow the remainder of the band as they flee across Canada. One is captured and the two remaining Nazis meet their match in a slender writer, who, after they have branded him "decadent," subdues Lohrman in a hand-to-hand fight. Hirth, fleeing across the border to America, is taken by a Canadian soldier.

Especially recommended are the scenes of the Nazis in the religious community, where the camera records with real in-

spiration the contrast of the godless and the men and women of God. But the whole film is shot through with other contrasts and constantly absorbing drama which is strengthened by the great acting of the English actors who play their Nazi characters for keeps.

Eric Portman as Lieut. Hirth is the personification of Nazi intolerance and cruelty and Niall MacGinnis as Vogel, the Nazi who at heart remains a Christian and dies at the hands of his comrades when he chooses the road of Christ, are outstanding in their roles. Equally fine are Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard and Raymond Massey, the three Canadians who in their own way defy the Nazi philosophy. The splendid, enthusiastic cast have done their share to make *The Invaders* one of the best war pictures we have ever seen. Rather, anti-war, because the heroes and the little people who are resisting invasion are the representatives of the world of peace and brotherhood which will come again because they have willed it and through their strength and courage will guarantee its rebirth.

Captains of the Clouds, is a fine aviation movie, blending the pugnacity of James Cagney with some of the best aerial photography in many a year. Overlong and with a minor, unpleasant romantic theme, yet an exciting film story of bush fliers who gave up their rugged individualism for the cause of democracy. Cagney, as always, is excellent; so is his supporting cast of Brenda Marshall, George Tobias, Alan Hale and Dennis Morgan. A Warner Brothers picture.

Children as well as most adults will be amused and entertained by Paramount's *Mr. Bug Goes to Town*, a full-length animated cartoon of insect life along New York's Broadway.

Jack Benny fans will roar at the comedian's performance in *To Be or Not to Be*, an MGM movie of actors who foil Nazi agents in a series of weird adventures which give Benny ample room for his talents. Also starred is the late Carole Lombard, and Robert Stack, Felix Bressart and Lionel Atwill.

Columbia's *Martin Eden* is a poorly-acted badly-directed picturization of Jack London's novel and its theme of honesty versus wealth. Our sympathies to Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor and Evelyn Keyes who deserve a better fate.

Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden manage to navigate *Bahama Passage* safely but this Paramount film was scuttled in the shoals of dullness in spite of their performance. For sleepy adults only.

The Country Preacher Says:

DID you hear about the little girl that called her skin, "hide"? She would say to her mother—"I've cut my hide" or "I've scratched my hide." So the mother told her that that was not the word to use. It was your skin and you should always say skin and not hide. A few days after that the girl came home from Sunday School and rushed at once to her mother to get praise for a deed well done. "O Mother" she cried, "They sang 'Hide me, O Thou Saviour, hide' but I was a good girl and remembered what you told me and I shouted as loud as I could 'Skin me, O my Saviour, skin.'"

The other day we put up a small stove in a room just off the kitchen and while we have a good big pipeless furnace, with a register you can stand over when you come in from the cold and immediately feel the heat, yet what a comfort this stove is! It is really sort of the heart of the household. Take houses especially with radiators in them. No doubt the house is warm enough if you sit there all the time but when you come in you do appreciate a good hot radiation. You want to cry out like what's-his-name of old "Ah ha, I feel the heat, I am warm". A stove is a source of conversation and argument. One wants the draft open and the door shut. Another wants the door open and the draft shut. Occasionally, but seldom, two might be found that agree to leave the stove for two minutes as it is. But if the door is to be open, stick in the corn-popper and ease all contentions and quiet all tongues with popcorn.

The Preacher is still harping about free-will offerings instead of so much per head. The other night an offering instead of an admission fee yielded many pennies, nickels, dimes, etc. and fourteen one-dollar bills. That was exactly as the Bible says—every man as he was able.

Everyone is going to have a garden next summer—and a good one. I have ordered fifty bushels of potatoes, certified seed potatoes about hens-egg size, from Vermont. A small, uncut potato from good "stock" is the best seed in the world. One bushel seed ought to easily produce fifteen bushels next fall. Cut out both ends of those cans and save the barrel to put over set out plants next summer—tomatoes, ect. They keep the drying wind off and hold the water you give the plant right around the roots where the plants want it.

Tonight, by the fireplace, we had a pickup supper and it was good with plenty of choice. The Preacher and Charles finished up some salt shad of which we have two crocks in the cellar. Fried apple went great and took a hand at that. Mrs. Preacher's home made bread with some whole wheat flour got much praise. Cold hamburger cakes were steamed good to warm and moisten them, and were as good as for dinner. Two pitchers of the old Jersey's milk disappeared—her horns gone, her age is unknown and unpredictable.

Being seventy years old January 23rd., quite a foolish fuss was made. It was broadcast over the radio from Hartford and in all the newspapers in New England, I guess. I said "Life begins at seventy and with all the accumulation of friendships, old age is the happiest period of our existence."

George B. Gilbert.

building churches. That leaves me puzzled, too. Think of spending over fifty million dollars for a battleship that can be sunk in five minutes, and holding back on money for a Cathedral that will last for ages! The *Resolute* and the *Prince of Wales*, if I am not misinformed, cost some eighty millions apiece. This Cathedral has cost thirty million so far, and it will cost another million to finish. Comparatively cheap, wouldn't you say?

"If you could look over our books, you would discover another strange thing about all this: the people in this Cathedral have given more to the work of the church abroad than they gave before they had the Cathedral, and more to local charity. Cathedral worship inspires giving. The largest giving to missions came in the very years that we were giving most to build the Cathedral!

"You see, a Cathedral gives people something far more valuable than money. It preaches a Gospel of beauty in a drab world. It takes the talents and artistry of sculpture, painting, music and architecture, breathes into them a breath that is divine, makes of them wings for the souls of men. Any man, rich or poor, high or low, *must* be lifted up when he enters St. John's.

"Just look at your New York skyline. Pick out the finest buildings. What are they? The Empire State, the Woolworth Building, the Singer Building, American Radiator, The Metropolitan and New York Life. House of trade, business, commerce, all of them. These are the buildings upon which the artists and the architects have lavished their inestimable gifts. Men *can* worship in a miserable little church tucked away in the shadows of these skyscrapers—but why should they? Isn't God entitled to as fine a house as Mammon enjoys? Isn't worshipping man?"

Indeed, the business men who inhabit skyscrapers did more than their part in building St. John's. The great bronze doors through which you enter this Cathedral seemed to me as amazing as the famous bronze doors of Ghiberti in Florence; they were presented to the Cathedral by the field agents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. Business bows to God! Walk through the still aisles and bays and chapels beneath this great roof. Here is a Bay dedicated to Art; here is another joining Education and Religious Faith. Commerce, Medicine, Labor, Industry, the Press, Army and Navy, Philosophy, Law, Sport and Games—these have their Bays and their Chapels. These join hands with religion in mute beautiful acknowledgment of a common Fatherhood and for the sake of a common Brotherhood.

"This cathedral," the Bishop was saying, "will be here when the present great bastions of business along the skyline have crumbled into dust. We built with that in mind. We built against the years, the ages. In all this building there is not an inch of steel, excepting the rafters in the roof. When we came to consider building materials, we asked the architects how long steel would last. 'Oh,' they said, 'Perhaps a thousand years.' We were not building for a thousand years, so we built entirely of stone. If you

could come back five thousand years from now, you might possibly find a few marks of wear-and-tear on the exterior of the Cathedral; on the interior you would find none at all. Nothing short of a tremendous earthquake (and we are probably earth-quake proof) or a hailstorm of bombs in some future war will ever bring it down. It is built of rock set on rock.

"It is American stone. See these walls? They are solid granite, dug from quarries near Peekskill. See those columns, running all the way from floor to roof? They are of granite, too, from Mt. Desert Island, Maine."

The windows are one hundred per cent American, too. They were all made in this country. Why? Why because after the builders of St. John's had scoured Europe they discovered that the very finest stained glass of today is being made in America; there is a renaissance in that art on this side of the Atlantic. They wanted only the *best* glass for America's Cathedral. So Connick of Boston made the rose window—the largest in the world.



CATHEDRAL

Be proud, O city of the tallest towers,
Filling the night sky with the arabesque
Patterns of lighted windows, at no desk
Designed, but grown like geometric flowers
In fields of dusk—be proud that in such
hours

As this, when Hate leers with a face grotesque,
And Death performs his most obscene burlesque,

Be proud that Faith hath still her ancient powers.

Be proud that there is rising now within you
A glorious temple to the Prince of Peace,
Reaching for the stars with every sinew,
Bending heaven to earth and drawing earth
Toward heaven, until all dread of war shall
cease;

Be proud when you have brought this dream
to birth.

—J. Wesley Ingles



There is worship without words in the midst of any of the startlingly cosmopolitan congregations that come to St. John's. The Cathedral is Episcopalian, yes; some denomination, some church group had to be responsible for it, and some group of churchmen must maintain it in accordance with the rules and regulations of their church. But there its Episcopalianism ends. The Menorah lights in the Sanctuary were presented by the late famous Adolf Ochs, Jew. The Ikon of St. John the Divine that hangs here was painted and presented by the Monks of Mount Athos. The people who come here are many-blooded, many faithed: Catholic, Protestant and Jew.

On the Sunday evening nearest the birthday of Florence Nightingale, the nurses of the city come, in uniform. Of all faiths, they are women dedicated to the arts of mercy and healing, sitting together at the feet of the Great Healer of us all. Near Easter the New York Oratorio Society renders Bach's majestic "Passion According to St. Matthew;" it

draws lovers of music without regard to race, color, creed, to worship beneath arches that sing their own oratorio in the great silent accents of God.

Recently there was a Conference on Slum Clearance in the Great Nave. It included a housing exhibit, and set up on the floor was a model of an actual slum tenement. One of the workmen who had helped build that nave looked on the model and sat down to write the Bishop: "I was especially thrilled by the fact that in that magnificent edifice (in which we stonemasons had a share) I saw in vivid contrast that horrible example of slum dwelling."

In the Nave is a Visitor's Book. "Visitors, Please Register." The long list of names between those covers takes in every land beneath the sun. They are the names of black, yellow, white, red and brown; they are princes and paupers; they are sinners and saints; they are doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves. Two inscriptions bear a haunting fascination. After one name appears the word, "Agnostic." After another, the word "Atheist." What does an agnostic in such a place as this? He prays; he cannot help himself. What does an atheist? He believes; the evidences of faith cry out to him from the very stones, the strength and permanence of a living God are mirrored in the holy works of the hand of consecrated man, the serenity of faith is here at the heart of the world's alarm and it is as steady as a cool hand on his unbeliever's brow.

So here, America, you have at last your great American Cathedral. You have the world's greatest Cathedral. In the bitterest of times, God has accomplished with the aid of man the greatest of things. It comes in the fullness of time, at a moment God must have chosen; the world at its worst needs the church at its best, and here the best is enthroned. St. John's fulfills in letter and spirit the prescription set down in its charter seventy years ago: It is a House of Prayer for All Peoples. On the day they opened the entire nave, Bishop Manning prayed as he entered the glorious West Door: "Almighty and Eternal Lord God, we ask thy blessing upon all who enter here. Grant that these doors may stand ever open to all thy children. . . ."


The closing services of the week of special services came on December seventh; the morning congregation poured out of the West Door just as the radios of America were beginning to snap out the story of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. Yet again, the *night* of the sad seventh, the Nave was filled again; prayers were offered by representatives of Greek, Russian, Syrian, Serbian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Ukrainian, American churches. The Russian Cathedral Choir sang the responses; the choir of St. John's sang an anthem which concluded: "All we go down to the desert, and weeping o'er the grave we make our song, 'Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!'"

Long, long after we have forgotten Pearl Harbor, long after this war is done, long after the madness of this age is dead in the mind of man, men from everywhere will be standing looking up at rose window and great swinging, singing Gothic arches of St. John's and whispering out of their souls in thanks to his God, "Alleluia!"

FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery



 **M**OST of the seed catalogs were in type before our country was at war, so these may speak of "Defense Gardens". But by now the term has changed to "Victory Gardens". Whatever the name, the situation in which our country finds itself this coming season demands that more vegetables be produced than ever before in our history. Along with these, fruit should be increased as far as possible.

Commercial growers and farmers are putting out greatly increased acreages of all important vegetable crops to provide the extra food for market and for canning needed by war workers, our armed forces and our allies. But each of us must do his own part to grow for our own household use. Every bit we can produce for our own table and for home canning or saving will mean just that much more available to increase the total food supply of the country.

So far as we have space available, let us grow for our own needs. If we have been growing some vegetables, we can each put out some additional. If we have not been growing any, at least a part of our bit of soil, be it ever so small, can be given over to some vegetables. We can all do our share and still have room left for flowers and shrubs too. Perhaps a village vacant lot will supply room for expanded efforts.



IN THE South, where vegetable gardens are begun in winter, there is still time from Atlanta westward to Dallas, for sowing or planting most vegetable crops, if done at once. The same applies to the sunny valleys of the Southwest, as around Phoenix, to the California coast and inland valleys.

In the central northern sections of the country, now is the time to be making sowings of seed in hotbed or of more hardy things in coldframe. Seeds of hardy vegetables can go in the ground just as soon as the soil is workable.

There is nothing difficult about growing most vegetables. They will grow in most any average soil. They do however require a spot that is drained and that has sunlight at least a good portion of the day. They need to be planted or sown properly, they need cultivation of the right sort. They do better if the soil is enriched with plant food. In some regions irrigation is needed. Perhaps the hardest part is to control insects and diseases.



IF SPACE is small, it will be better to grow those vegetables which take only a small amount of ground. Thus radishes, lettuce, carrots, beets, green onions, swiss chard and dwarf peas are good crops to grow. A succession of plantings can be made of these.

Or for limited space, the planting can be confined to such crops as continue to bear over a period of time. Tomatoes stand at the head of the list here, for they bear continuously from midsummer to fall and have many uses for table and canning. All kinds of beans fall into this class, except navy or soup, which make only one crop. Broccoli, peppers and egg plants also bear over a long period.



EACH garden should have at least some cabbage, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, the amount depending upon space. In some sections or depending upon family needs, such crops as collards, kale, kohlrabi, mustard greens and spinach can be grown.

If you have plenty of space, then by all means make generous plantings of sweet corn, of melon crops and cucumbers. Also grow your own potatoes, with plantings of both early and late varieties. Pumpkins and squashes can be grown with the corn.

At one side of your garden, there should be room for perennial plantings of asparagus and rhubarb. Here too can be planted grapes and currants. Even fruit trees are possible on a small lot by planting the new dwarf types now available.



A GOOD garden is one that is planned in advance. For illustration, arrange to sow seeds of the early maturing vegetables alongside each other, so that after they are gone, the space can be filled with another later-planted crop. Radishes, lettuce and peas are thus grown and then bush beans, carrots or more lettuce can be sown or plants of broccoli, cabbage or celery put here. In late summer a fall crop such as turnips can be sown in any vacant spot.

Likewise those crops which have a long season need to be grouped together. This would include carrots, beets, beans, peppers and egg plant. Next to these I like the rows of medium sized crops as cabbage, broccoli and cauliflower. Beyond these, I put potatoes and at the back or side, comes the sweet corn. Avoid putting a low growing crop where it might be shaded by a taller.



FOR those inexperienced in growing vegetables, may I suggest that seed catalogs usually contain planting tables and much cultural information. Local dealers have special leaflets available. State agricultural colleges and the U. S. Department of Agriculture have home garden bulletins which can be secured from your local county extension agent. Manufacturers of garden supplies and equipment have literature. Most seed packets give details as to how to sow seeds contained therein.

HERE are some specific details for some major crops, in terms of the home garden and family of four persons:

Asparagus: Buy plants of 1 or 2 year stock. Best varieties Mary Washington and Paradise, both disease-resistant. Plant in early spring in North. Set plants 12 to 20 inches apart in row and rows 48 inches apart. Plant crowns 4 to 7 inches deep in clay soil and 9 inches in sandy soil.

Beans, bush or pole: Sow seed after danger of frost is past. Make plantings of green podded, wax podded and pole of varieties recommended for your section. Of limas, Henderson Bush, Fordhook Bush, Burpee's Improved and Magruder's Baby Fordhook are all good.

Cabbage: Raise plants in hotbed and coldframe or buy at planting time. Good idea to have early, medium or second early and late or main crop varieties. Copenhagen Market, Early Jersey Wakefield and Jersey Queen are good early kinds. Glory of Enkhuizen, All Seasons, All-Head Early are good second-early varieties. For late or main crop, Premium Flat Dutch, Danish Ballhead and other Ballhead types. Set plants out after hard frost period is past, 24 to 30 inches apart each way.

Peas: Begin planting early and make successive plantings. Are cool weather crop. Dwarf varieties best for small garden. Can plant early, medium and late varieties to prolong season. In North, 6 inches apart in row and rows 24 inches apart, average.

Radishes: Sow early and make successive spring plantings. Is cool weather crop, no good in hot, dry summer. Fall varieties can be sown in late summer or fall. Sow seeds of three types as Early Scarlet Globe or equivalent, of long white as Icicle and of long scarlet in available varieties. Sow seed 1 to 2 inches apart in row and rows anywhere from 6 to 24 inches apart.

Sweet corn: Plant early, medium and late varieties. Also make successive plantings of each to prolong season. Golden Bantam hybrid varieties, of which Golden Cross Bantam is typical, are especially suited to home garden. Plant after danger of frost is past and nights are warm. Plant or thin to 12 inches apart in row and rows 30 inches apart.

Tomatoes: Raise plants in hotbed or buy plants. Set out after danger of frost is gone. Use disease-resistant varieties such as Marglobe, Pritchard and Rutgers for main crop. Early and late varieties will prolong season. Check catalogs for varieties especially suited to your section, such as Bison and Victor for northern Plains country. If staked, set plants 24 inches apart. If not staked, 36 inches apart for early varieties and 48 to 60 inches for main crop and late varieties. About 25 to 35 plants will supply all average family needs for table and canning.

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The beds made, she went again to the basement. Taking the soap and talcum from the wash-stand, the pan from the nail behind the door, and collecting the clean cloths and towels from the stack in the window sill she prepared for the baby's bath. Glancing from the window she saw George sneaking off toward the field. She called him back to the shade. Georgie was the sickly one.

The clatter of machinery and the shouts of the men came faintly through the open window, for just as there were no idle moments in the house that day there were none in the field. Even Junior was doing odd jobs in the field and between times was proudly trudging back and forth with the water-jug.

By twelve o'clock Madge had the table loaded with platters of corned beef and dishes of potatoes and cabbage. The men stopped at the pump where she had put towels and soap. Then they stormed the kitchen bringing the odor of hot, sweating bodies to mingle with that of the cooking.

Arthur seemed one with these men whose loud voices and coarse jokes filled the stifling basement kitchen, but they did not annoy Madge to-day. Her joy was too great that they were really in the harvest, that before you knew it the mortgage would be paid and she would even have that hat to wear to town on Saturdays.

"If those two old binders hold together till night, we ought to about finish to-day," volunteered the man with his arms propped on the table.

"Yeah, but I think we're in for a spell of weather. It don't smell just right to me." This came from the man on Arthur's left, the one with a week's growth of beard.

The men, having noisily swallowed the last mouthful of pie, scraped back from the table. As he followed them from the room, Arthur stopped to lay his hand on Madge's shoulder.

"Things had to come our way sooner or later, old girl. But we've got the cards stacked this time."

In the afternoon the wind fell. The calm, aided by the sun, was almost unbearable in the field and in the house. The baby was fretful and broken out with prickly heat. The children's quarreling was incessant. Madge sent them to play in the shade of the one stunted cottonwood while she left the dishes and got the baby to sleep.

A wail arose from the yard. Henry had fallen into a cactus. Their quarreling forgotten the other two children supported him to the house for aid and comfort. The first-aid kit was missing but was finally unearthed from beneath the shoes in the closet.

"By all rights mothers should be deaf," she thought as the baby awoke frightened by the confusion and set up a lusty accompaniment while the other children whimpered in sympathy. She tied a bandage in place and watched Henry's eyes open cautiously. As he took in the perfection of two bandaged hands, his pucker of grief gave place to a pleased smile, while the sympathy of the others turned to livid envy.

When Junior came trudging to the house with the empty water-jug at four,

he brought word from Arthur that the men would work late as it looked like rain. Would Madge send them sandwiches with the next drinking water? She glanced anxiously at a low bank of clouds in the west as she took loaves of home-made bread from the can in the corner.

The sandwiches, piles of them, were prepared, and Junior, aided this time by Shirley, was started back toward the field bearing a market basket and the water-jug wrapped in its wet sack. She left the whimpering baby to the care of Georgie and went to do what she could of the chores and tend to the chickens.

How she had worked with her chickens! First she had tried white leghorns, but they had been too easy prey for coyotes and hawks. A neighbor told her to buy some guineas whose raucous screaming would frighten marauders and protect her flock. When the Allen place was foreclosed and the family, worn out with the struggle, turned back East, Arthur bought their guineas at the sale—four guineas that, put down in the yard, had scurried for the field and were seen no more. She had sold the white leghorns and tried Buff Orpingtons, but the larger chickens refused to stir from their shelter even to rustle for food when the wind blew. And the wind always blew here on the ridge.

FOR EASTER AND FOREVER

Only her name He spoke
Beside the sepulcher;
But from that single word
Which so enraptured her

Was born a certainty
Nor time nor grief can sever;
Our triumph over death
For Easter and forever.

—Everard V. Thomson

No exercise meant no eggs. This year she was trying brown leghorns.

Supper consisted of meat and gravy, potatoes and beans and pie. The bread can was empty because of the afternoon sandwiches. She must make biscuits.

She paused often to wipe her face on the back of her apron in a futile attempt to find relief from the August afternoon over the range. The tiny kitchen was an oven. There was not a breath of air. The bank of clouds still hung in the west. Madge glanced at it each trip from the table to the stove and back again, half hoping for the relief a shower would bring, half fearful for the standing grain.

When the men left the field at dark, the last of the wheat had fallen and stood again in shocks like a vast encampment with its far-reaching rows of silent tents.

Supper, unlike dinner, was eaten in silence. The men were too weary and too hungry for conversation. The wheat was shocked. It was work well done.

When the chores were finished and the separator was washed, it was eleven o'clock. Too tired even to wash her face Madge stepped to the porch where the three little boys were sleeping cross-wise on their spring cot. She brushed the hair back from the eyes of pale, thin Georgie, and dropped a kiss on Junior's brown

cheek — nine-year-old Junior who had worked all day in the field.

An echo of thunder, low but ominous, caused her to look apprehensively toward the west before she dragged herself to bed beside her already sleeping husband.

She was aroused from the deep sleep of exhaustion by the crash of the wind. The room was a whirling cloud of dust. The little house jerked. She sprang from bed and tugged at the window, then ran to close the basement. Frightened by a dull roar in the west she shook Arthur into consciousness. They got the children, drugged with sleep, into the house just as the first dash of rain swept across the porch. The blankets, snatched from the cot, were spread on the floor, and the children tumbled into them, hardly knowing they had been moved. The windows, closed against the storm, rattled in the wind. A broken pane struck the floor with a crash. Madge was soaked before she could snatch her day garments from a chair and stuff them into the opening. Together she and Arthur watched the storm. The constant lightning made the out-buildings plain as day. Already the yard was a lake.

Placing a chair for Madge in front of the window Arthur seated himself on a stool at her side. The roar became louder and louder. Then hail struck.

Sitting as close as they were they had to shout to make themselves heard above the din. At the thought of the wheat Madge started from her chair. But they were helpless. There was nothing they could do. Nothing. The wheat would be threshed right on the ground where it stood.

Now they couldn't pay the mortgage. She couldn't even buy the hat.

The lightning showed everything covered with white. The terrible pounding on the roof frightened the baby. Madge gathered him up hardly knowing that she did. She looked without emotion at Arthur sitting with sagging shoulders, his head in his hands.

Another year's work —. It had always been like this. Why had they thought this year would be different? Not even seed—.

She reached out and laid her hand on Arthur's drooping shoulder. It would be harder on him. He had made such big plans. Never before had the country looked so promising. Now it was all gone. This year was like the rest.

The din on the roof seemed less deafening now, but the lightning was still constant, as though it had waited to give them a last spiteful view of the storm's destruction. Like a small boy it was who has smashed a neighbor's window and turns to thumb his nose at the owner. As far as the eye could reach the fields were encrusted with white. Even the little fruit trees were mere sticks in the wind.

It was all gone.

The next morning Madge, with the baby's basket in one arm and the alarm clock and some clothes to be washed in the other, stepped cautiously down the two rickety steps to the porch. With a mute glance across the fields she went around the corner and down the steps to the basement. The door at the bottom of the steps stuck, and she had to put her burdens down while she pushed it open. Another day had begun.

(Continued from page 34)

He said, "It's a great pleasure to know you. I feel that it is a privilege to entertain a lady, and I hope you will feel welcome and make yourself at home." Then to Jim, "Put your team in the barn and give them a good feed while I introduce Miss Gray to the house."

After a good meal and an hour of interesting and instructive conversation, they hastened to start on. Mr. Grant accompanied her to the gate and urged her to come again, then he stood by the gate waving a friendly farewell until they drove out of sight among the scrubby pine trees.

Mary Ellen said, "He is certainly a fine old man, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Jim. "I have never known a finer one. It is somewhat of a mystery why he has buried himself out here in this canyon these past twenty years. At any rate, he is a splendid man."

They soon reached the main road and then drove swiftly the three miles on to the Bar Circle ranch; less pretentious than the Rainbow End, but still, one of the biggest and most efficiently managed in the county.

After they had passed the Bar Circle she inquired, "How much farther is it to Little Elk?"

"Only about nine miles, but we'll soon drive it, as it's all level or down grade. Jerry said I should bring you right to the hotel, till you get adjusted and get acquainted with some of the people. He's a good fellow; a little rough, but he has a big heart—like the rest of the family. You know he's Grandma Doughty's son, and Harry's cousin."

As they drove over the divide the heavily timbered hills came into view, rising, one beyond another, in undulating waves of pale blue, while near at hand straggling pine and spruce were scattered here and there, and formed a fringe of dark green along the draws leading down to Crow Creek canyon.

They drove up before a big unpainted building with a porch extending across the entire front, and cluttered from end to end with saddles, bridles, small farm tools and children's playthings. Jerry with Kate, his wife, and five children, immediately appeared when the hounds set up a loud barking.

Kate led the way into the parlor and a sweet-faced old lady arose to meet them. Kate said, "This is Grandma Doughty, Jerry's mother. She came down to meet you and to thank you for being so good to Harry." She grasped Mary Ellen's hand in both hers and exclaimed, "It is so good to see you. I'm proud to know you, an' I know I'm gonna love you. I can't never thank you for takin' care of Harry like you did."

It was nearly dark when Kate announced supper and as soon as the meal was over he arose to go. He wished Mary Ellen success with her school and said, "Business often brings me out this way and sometime I'll drop in and visit school," he said laughingly as he left.

The schoolhouse stood at the other side of the clearing from the "Hotel," as Jerry's house was known. It had originally been his home and it boasted of three rooms and a shed. The big living-room was the schoolroom, and the bedroom was

used to store the children's wraps and lunches. She found the house neat and clean with white curtains at the windows, a thick goose-feather cushion on the teacher's chair, and a fat vase of spring flowers on her desk. She looked into the bright, eager faces and noticed the quaint, almost primitive clothing of the children. There were four girls taller than herself. They soon became her staunch friends and admirers.

The week passed surprisingly fast and before she realized it Friday afternoon had come, and after dismissing the children she was standing in the quiet room looking back over the five satisfactory days and outlining the work for another week. Her reverie was broken by a low knock at the door. She opened it and stood looking into the clear gray eyes of Harry Reid. He reached out his hand and she clasped it in both of hers exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so glad, I'm so glad! How have you been these two weeks?"

"I have been very well, thanks to you. I can hardly realize that anything happened, except to remember my complete helplessness for a while, and a ministering angel hovering over me."

She in turn, blushed a rosy red. After a short pause he said, "Clint says you are thinking of taking up a homestead. Now have you anything definite in mind regarding a homestead?"

★
**If I Were
RICH**

I'd probably be the same kind of a person I am now only more so, if you get what I mean. If I'm stingy now, I'd be stingy then, only in a bigger way. We like to think we would give money away wholesale, if we were millionaires. It's so easy to give away what one doesn't have. But real giving is a matter of the heart, not of the pocketbook.

—McAlpine

★
She laughed and said, "My mind is a perfect blank as far as a homestead is concerned."

"Well there are some pretty good ones left around here, but Clint said you and the others would want four adjoining. That's another thing entirely. I'd like to see you get located right here near the school and post office, and I know of a dandy one quite near, but I don't know if anyone joins it on three sides, but we'll soon find out." They discussed the homestead proposition at some length, then looking at his watch, he exclaimed, "Good gracious! Kate said supper would be ready at five and here it's nearly six. What will she do to us?"

They hurried across the flat and found Kate waiting in the doorway, to hurry them in to a meal she was vainly trying to keep warm on a lukewarm stove.

After supper Kate said, "It's such a warm evening, I think it's warm enough in the parlor. Harry, you and Miss Gray might just as well sit in there; it will be more quiet."

"Thanks, Kate, I believe we will. We want to talk about homesteads." He led the way and gave her an easy chair and began at once, "I've been investigating and have learned considerable about the mat-

ter in hand. This quarter section I had in mind lies open on three sides. The three adjoining quarters are not so good of course, but the four together would make a pretty good ranch. You could take the best one and the boys would take the others."

"You are a marvel to do all that for me. I am so excited I can hardly wait to get a cabin built."

When he arose to go he began, "Mary Ellen," but at her surprised look, he hastily added, "If you will allow me to call you that."

"I'm very glad to have you do it, for it will give me the privilege of calling you Harry, which I've just been aching to do; it makes us seem so much better acquainted."

"The better acquainted we get, the better I'll like it," he said significantly as he pressed her hand in farewell.

Her mind often reverted to the pretty falls and deep shaded holes along Crow Creek that she had noticed the day Jim Blake brought her out, and she could not resist the temptation to go back to explore and try her luck at fishing. So on Saturday morning, after getting the light-bread started and giving Kate explicit instructions, she prepared a light lunch and borrowed a line and bamboo pole from Dave, Jerry's oldest boy, and walked back up the creek about two miles. She stopped at a big hole just below a waterfall. Luck seemed to smile upon her from the start. She was so excited with her marvelous success that she paid no attention to a number of straggling cattle, slowly coming down the road, grazing as they went. As they came nearer she noticed they stopped grazing and began teasing and horning each other, as if displeased about something. They grew more impatient and began pawing the ground, uttering low, hoarse bellows as they drew nearer. She sensed the fact that they resented her presence, and began to look about for a place of safety until they had passed on. There was no available refuge except a tree half fallen across the stream, about half way between her and the angry cattle. She dropped the pole and started to run toward the leaning tree. By that time they were bellowing loudly. A huge steer with long, sharp horns, who had approached nearer than the others, gave forth an angry bellow and started toward her. Her toe caught on some obstacle and she sprawled headlong. Her eyes closed and she waited to feel the angry horns tearing at her body.

Suddenly she heard a swish, then a heavy thud, then a man's voice calling, "Here Lige." She remembered no more until she felt a splash of cold water on her face and a hand bathing her forehead. She lay motionless with closed eyes. A voice said, "Good heaven, I'm glad I came in time; that was a close call." She opened her eyes to look into a pair of compassionate blue ones, very near to hers. A sympathetic voice asked, "Are you hurt?"

She answered, "No, I'm all right," and attempted to sit up, but a faintness came over her and she lay back again.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, and began to sob hysterically.

"There, there," patting her shoulder, "you are all right. He can't hurt you now."

(To be continued)

CHRISTIAN HERALD

(Continued from page 31)

their country, tragically hard-pressed by a dark threat to its very life. What seems to me especially fine about the Save-the-Children Federation is that it realizes that bombs and invasion and starvation-blockades are not more dangerous to children, only more visible, more rapid, more violent, more dramatically perilous than slow under-nourishment, poor schooling, wasting, uncared-for illness, exclusion from benefit given by a nation to its other more fortunate children.

There is something especially admirable in the particular way in which the Save-the-Children Federation works for those disinherited American boys and girls, step-children of our nation. It raises what money it can—do put your hand into your pocket and help its work out with some case if you have even a little to spare. But more than this, it utilizes what would be wasted, it gathers up with ingenuity and steady persistent effort the superfluous margin left over in so many instances, from the advance of more prosperous communities to better living and schooling. Does an industrial city in the North feel it can afford to put in better blackboards, more comfortable seats in its classrooms? The Save-the-Children Federation has a vivid picture of Southern mountaineer district schools where children sit all through the sessions on boards laid across nail kegs, or crowded together three on a seat meant for two, so rickety that it must be propped against the wall to keep it from falling down. They are organized to collect, transport and distribute whatever school supplies can be spared from schools in communities with money enough to improve their school equipment. Textbooks too battered to be acceptable to an up-and-coming, well-outfitted suburban school, are, (mended and put in shape) treasures inestimable to teachers trying to do their best to fit an on-coming generation for adequate citizenship. And shoes—! It is cold in winter-time up in the mountains. Many of our little fellow-Americans there have the choice between staying away from school when snow is on the ground, wrapping their feet in rags tied on with string, or walking barefoot through the snow to the meagerly heated schoolhouse. Look at the row of extra shoes in your closets, my fellow-women and—well, do something about it! Why not gather these up and pass them on to the Save-the-Children Federation.

Now of course such a great and terrible emergency among Americans of excellent old stock should be met, can only be adequately coped with, by action on the part of our rich and great nation. But in the meantime such gallant rushing to the rescue as the work of this devoted Federation, is what we all must stand ready to back up. Help to the public schools everywhere is one of the first things to be done in any attempt at community betterment; and one which can be carried on—till more adequate reinforcements can be sent—far more than we think, by personally sharing our own too-much with those who have not-enough.

Note: The address of the Save-the-Children Federation is 1 Madison Ave., New York City.



"This is the last time he spansks that boy!"



1. Whenever Tommy gets a spanking, our whole family is upset. Big Tom hates to do it and mopes for hours afterward. And Tommy's little nervous system gets so upset he can't eat. So last Friday I decided to put an end to spankings...



2. Tommy was getting spanked for not taking his laxative. He hates the taste of it and fights it tooth and nail. It was spilled all over the rug and Big Tom was at his wits' end because in everything else Tommy is so reasonable.



3. When Tommy'd gone to his room, I said, "There *must* be another way, Tom. Anything he hates that much may do him harm. I've got a date with Tracy and I think I'll ask her advice. She used to be a registered nurse."



4. So I told Tracy all about it. "The doctor I used to work with," she said, "recommended Fletcher's Castoria for children. You see, it's *made* especially for babies and children. Especially the *taste*. Children *love* it."



5. "And my doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is gentle and safe for a child's delicate system—yet thorough. It clears away waste almost naturally, by stimulating muscular movement. Let's go and get a bottle."



6. The druggist recommended Fletcher's Castoria highly. He said senna is its chief ingredient and that there are no harmful drugs or narcotics in Fletcher's Castoria, so it isn't likely to form a habit. I bought the Family-Size bottle and saved money.



7. Tom told Tommy we had a new laxative for him. And that he only had to take it if he *liked* it. Well, he just *loved* it! From now on Fletcher's Castoria is Tommy's laxative...and no buts!

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

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Increasing use by thousands of satisfied congregations proves the merit of these two hymnals. Write for returnable examination copies—today!

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(Continued from page 19)

creates a bright spot in the soldier's life.

During the last war, religious and social service organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and Salvation Army, maintained ministers in the camps, with special huts, canteens and the like. Today the only welfare agency allowed in camp is the Red Cross. All religious functions are in the hands of the chaplains, and social and welfare activities are carried on by the United Service Organizations and other private groups outside the reservation. This eliminates the element of religious competition which inevitably arose under the old system.

After supper there'll be a concert, or lecture, or perhaps a movie. In Bomhoff's chapel it was that stirring piece by RKO-Pathé, "The Power of God." Its theme and acting gripped the men. Many more such movies will be made, the chaplains assure us.

On Monday morning another busy week began. Every chaplain finds a stack of mail on his desk. Maybe it's a tearful letter: "Dear Chaplain: John writes you have been to see him. I cannot raise the money to come to see my dear boy, so you

ready to mail. All were poignant scenes from the great drama of life. Here's one:

"Dear Sergeant Blank: I have been informed that the Red Cross is making necessary medical arrangements for your wife, including pre-natal care and a layette for the little one . . . I trust this will put your mind at ease."

Family problems loom large in the continual stream of consultations the chaplain must hold. The kid brother is in trouble. "Would you write to the probation officer about it?" "Dad has been mistreating Maw and I'm not there to straighten things out!" Financial worries. The job he left.

And of course, problems over girls back home. And the more serious problems of morale and morality. The chaplain must take them all in his stride.

It's not only the enlisted men who need spiritual guidance. One chaplain told me the C. O. of his division made an appointment to see him. The chaplain was astonished when the hardened old West Pointer unburdened himself in a long discussion of a personal problem. Now that general is eternally grateful for the chaplain's man-to-man advice.

The "morality lectures" are straight-

HE LIFTED FROM THE DUST

He lifted from the dust,
The Cross of Shame;
And gave to it a glory and a name
To live forever in the hearts of men—
And bring them comfort, faith and peace, again.

He lifted from the depths,
The Soul of Man—
Oppressed by toil and wrong since Time began;
And gave to it a dignity and worth,
In Him revealed—above the wealth of Earth!

He lifted from the grave,
Eternal Life—
Triumphant over pain and grief and strife;
Our hope and stay along a war-worn way,
Whose end is—Christ!

—Helen Rogers Smith

must visit him often. He needs a mother's care so badly. . . ."

The next: "I think my husband should stay in the guardhouse till he's cured of his meanness. I know him better than you do. . . ."

The whole panorama of human frailties, of human suffering and emotions, passes in review with the morning's mail!

"To visit the sick and in prison," the time-honored work of the minister, takes on vivid meaning in camp. So to the hospital and guardhouse the chaplain goes. If a soldier is seriously ill, every possible spiritual attention is given him. If his church is not represented among the chaplains, a preacher of his faith is called in.

"Bugs" Doakes, happy-go-lucky kid from Podunk, came in liquored up and picked a fight with the sergeant—of all people. Thirty days in the guardhouse ought to sober him up. But it's another headache for the chaplain. Sometimes the chaplain must use his influence to moderate the harsh edges of military justice. More frequently he has to point out that the way of the transgressor is hard, and you're lucky the colonel didn't put you in for life!

Bomhoff showed me some of his letters,

from-the-shoulder talks on sex. Social diseases and how to avoid them are dealt with frankly. The problem, most chaplains agree, arises principally from the soldier's contacts with organized vice while home on leave, on holidays and weekends.

The camp chapel is the center for prayer meetings, religious forums, weddings and all other activities of a religious nature. In the vestibule the soldier finds access to abbreviated "pocket" Bibles, especially arranged by Protestant, Catholic and Jewish church leaders, and presented by the American Bible Society.

Busy men, these chaplains. Just as busy on maneuvers as in camp, for equipment now is provided them for church services in the fields. There are miniature altars attached to the little jeeps, so the chaplain will never be far from the men and the men will never be away from the influence of his spiritual leadership.

Now to the ends of the earth they are going. As Chief of Chaplains Arnold said in his Easter message to the chaplains last year, "The way of the cross and some form of Crucifixion are ahead for all of us. Worthy soldiers of the Christ are valiant defenders of home and country."

(Continued from page 23)

you would find yourself running over to borrow a cup of sugar or to read her the latest letter received from your boy in the army. If somebody were sick in your family, she would be around to give the patient the benefit of her skill as a registered nurse. She wouldn't talk much about herself, but she would have an ear for all your troubles until you had gotten them out of your soul.

"Yes, these folks have been on the road ever since the dust storms blew two million of 'em out of Oklahoma and the other states where they lived. I used to see them passing my home in Oakland with their children hungry and sick. I started talking to them. Everyone I spoke with made me remember that passage in my Bible about going out into the highways and byways to help people who needed a hand.

"Pretty soon, I found myself following these folks around from crop to crop and camp to camp. Here I am today, and here I'll stay with them unless the Lord calls me into some other service."

I have seen Mrs. Meade's report for August and September, 1941, when she was stationed in the grape country around Kingsburg and Selma, California. It reads like the reports of the old time circuit riders who, in a past era of America, acted as missionaries, physicians, and advisers to people living off the beaten track. In the two months of August and September, Mrs. Meade had traveled 2767 miles in her car. She had interviewed 1039 people; distributed 15 Bibles and 110 New Testaments. In August alone, she made 119 health calls on migrants who were sick.

Those figures are impressive, but their story is even more moving when one thinks of the faces behind the figures. If Mrs. Meade had not been in the area, a dozen or so newly-born babies might have been without layettes except for skimpy garments made by their mothers out of meal sacks. Some individuals, on the verge of tuberculosis or pellagra as the result of undernourishment, might not have gotten emergency orders of milk and cod liver oil from county authorities.

Wherever Mrs. Meade went during those two hot months of August and September, she left something practical behind to serve her wandering charges when they should be once more upon the road. The smaller children were given health kits consisting of tooth paste and brushes, soap, combs, and other articles to keep a youngster clean and healthy while traveling the dusty highways. The older girls were presented with sewing kits so that they might keep their clothes neatly mended. All of the children in the Junior Vacation Bible Schools were given either a Bible or a New Testament while the other children each received copies of two of the four gospels. The Vacation Bible Schools are set up by the Council and local congregations of its eighteen affiliated Protestant denominations wherever migrants gather.

"Maybe you think that the children take the Bibles because they are free but never read them," Mrs. Meade says. "But in one of the camps, I ran into a little boy to whom I had given a Bible last year. He asked me if it would be

(Continued on page 61)

Kate Smith swaps stories with Mrs. Patrick of Kansas City, Mo.

"IN 1910, a few days after I was married," writes Mrs. G. G. Patrick of Kansas City, Mo., "I visited the corner grocery store, and the grocer, knowing I was a young bride, gave me a Calumet cookbook. I still have that worn little cookbook, Miss Smith, and it has been in use ever since.

"On one occasion, I was out of Calumet and borrowed from a neighbor. But her baking powder was another brand and my cake was a failure. I've never used any baking powder since but Calumet."



"I OFTEN THINK, Mrs. Patrick," Kate Smith writes back, "what a pleasure it is to be on the air for a product like Calumet that has so many thousands of lifelong friends. I get letters telling of whole families of 3 generations that have always used Calumet.

"After 32 years of baking success with Calumet, you are certainly in a position to help other young brides. You can tell them with real authority that Double-Acting Calumet will give them delicious, high, light cakes and hot breads that men just love.

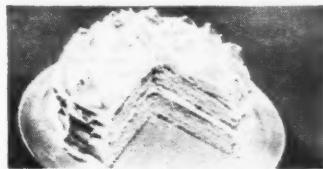
"I'm sending you a copy of 'Cake Secrets' so you will have two Calumet cookbooks. Have you ever made a cake like the Marshmallow Gold Cake on Page 28? Do try it..."

★ Listen to "KATE SMITH SPEAKS," CBS Network

MARSHMALLOW GOLD CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans	¼ teaspoon salt
Down Cake Flour	1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons Calumet	3 egg yolks,
Baking Powder	very well beaten
½ cup butter or	¾ cup milk
other shortening	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift 3 times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, in small amounts, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and beat again. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.



Marshmallow Lemon Frosting. Make seven-minute frosting, using 2 egg whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon water, and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Flavor with ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Fold in 16 marshmallows, quartered. Spread between layers and over cake.

(All measurements are level.)



CALUMET

THE DOUBLE-ACTING
BAKING POWDER

"Eat thou honey because it is good
Sweet to the taste and health to the bones"
—King Solomon

BEELINE to Sweetness

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

THE golden stores of the honey bee are called to kitchen defense of America's sweet tooth. Recipes for honey cakes and cookies, honey frosting and sauces, honey for drink sweetening, for candy making, are in sudden demand as sugar rationing goes into effect for the nation for the war's duration.

How strange that this oldest of world's sweets should be so little known. From Alaska to Arabia, from Australia to the Andes, throughout the temperate and tropical zones, and for centuries past man has kept bees to supply him with honey. Until sugar came into world use at lower cost, honey was the principal sweet food of most countries in Europe and Asia. So it was in the new colonies in America. Yet today women are doubtful of how to use honey except as a spread for a pancake, a biscuit or a waffle. They call it a substitute for sugar. But honey is a sweetening quite different and must be treated so. But be of good cheer. There are hundreds of recipes created for honey as the sole sweetening agent.

Honey's composition is seventy-five per cent sugar and largely of two simple sugars—levulose or fruit sugar and dextrose or grape sugar. Both of these—and consequently honey—can be easily assimilated into the blood stream. The commonly used sugars, cane and beet, must first be broken down into simpler sugars by the digestive juices before they can be used by the body.

Extracted honey has about one-fifth less energy value than an equal weight of sugar because it is approximately one-fifth water. It is this water content that has the cooks crazy, for it affects the amount of liquid when honey is used to replace sugar in a sugar-styled recipe. The liquid must be reduced, and reduced more than the difference between the water content of the honey and the dry sugar. The amount should vary also according to the consistency of the honey and according to the proportion of honey used. For example, if medium thick honey is substituted for one-half the sugar in the cake or quick bread, you

should reduce the liquid one-fourth. If honey is to replace all the sugar, which we do not advise if you wish the products to retain their characteristics, then the liquid is reduced one-half. But if the honey is very thick or very thin (heaven help you) these proportions must be altered. Unless you are a chemist and a mathematician and a born cook to boot, it is better to dismiss the guess work that comes with substitution and revision and use recipes developed especially for honey sweetening.

Primer Lesson

Beginners with honey should start with simple combinations. Easiest way to use honey is called the drizzle method. Place the honey jar in warm—not hot—water for ten minutes; then, when ready to sweeten and flavor the food, the honey pours in thin threads. Cold honey pours in a heavy stream, is unmanageable and usually gets foods over-sweet.

Honey is sticky stuff, but when you learn to use it you come to realize the advantage of its stickiness. It helps hold the ingredients together. In a rolled sandwich, for instance, honey fillings "glue" the roll edges together. It is a

liquid sweet and thus blends more readily with the ingredients. In the case of fruit salad it is not necessary to stir the fruit to dissolve sugar crystals. Just arrange the fruit mixture on a bed of lettuce, then drizzle honey over and watch the honey penetrate the fruit tissues.

Delicious drinks may be made up easily and quickly by using diluted honey. To dilute blend equal parts of honey and warm water.

To sweeten stewed fruit cook the fruit tender, then just before removing from the heat add honey to taste, stirring ever so gently.

Use part honey for sweetening baked beans. When making apple pies drizzle a little honey over the apples before putting on the top crust. In squash or pumpkin pies, use all honey to replace the sugar, adding lemon or orange flavoring instead of the usual spices.

Keep a jar of honey in the refrigerator to crystallize, then serve the jar at the table with a sharp pointed spoon to scoop out the solid sweetness in your cup of coffee or tea. Another handy use for granulated honey is to make it into a cake icing by adding chopped nuts



© Acme

Ralph Ligbe, 19, of Chicago, pays his way through college by raising bees at a yearly profit of \$450



© Ewing Galloway

Honeybees gathering honey from a cluster of wild roses

and coconut, warming it just enough to spread easily. Another icing, another day: mix the honey with butter and cocoa for a quick fudge frosting.

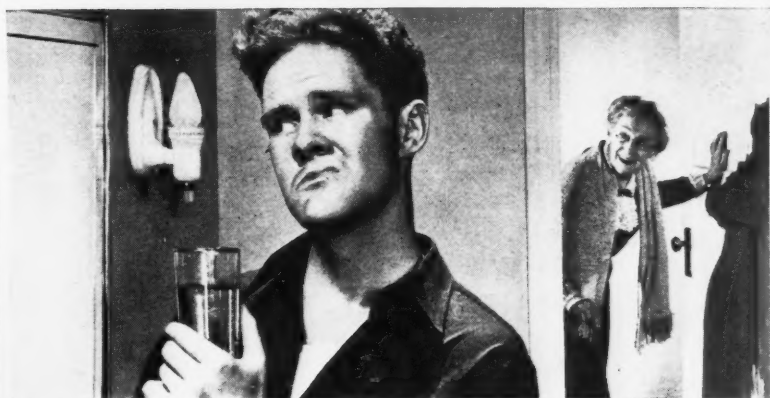
For the filled cookie, honey makes an attractive stuffing, combining easily with dried fruits and chopped nuts. Honey is ideal for a sundae sauce. Arrange fruits or nuts, or whatever, on the ice cream and drizzle over honey. If you prefer a thinner syrup dilute the honey to the consistency desired. Warm water, warm cream, warm milk, whipped cream may be used for the dilution. Soft custard sweetened and flavored with honey is a delicate dessert sauce.

In serving grapefruit, core, chill and just before serving fill the center with honey.

Measuring Methods

An easy, convenient way to measure honey for cooking is with a moist or greased cup. In baking, measure the fat in the measuring cup first, then the honey in the same cup. The honey will pour out readily to the last drop since the fat has formed a light coating around the inner sur- (Continued on page 52)

Granny Captures the Army



SERGEANT SMITH is no man to trifle with life's little troubles. There's not a flinch in an inch of his six foot two as he growls into the mirror: "A good stiff *purge*—that's the stuff to lick a man's innards back into line!"



BUT GRANNY, bless her heart, is no softie, either. "Listen, soldier," she says. "I give the orders around here, and from now on we'll try to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble. On your feet, now—march!"

"Yes, sir! Where to, sir?"



"**DON'T YOU 'SIR' ME**, young man. Just reach down that package up there. It's a delicious cereal called **KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**. And if your trouble is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet, **ALL-BRAN**'s the very thing you need. To the breakfast table—on the double."



"**YOU WIN, GRANNY**, you win! If a cereal as swell-tasting as **ALL-BRAN** can make me 'Join the Regulars', I'm signing on for a lifetime hitch."

"That's the spirit, my bold buck-o! But remember, you should eat it every day. And don't forget to drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars" with

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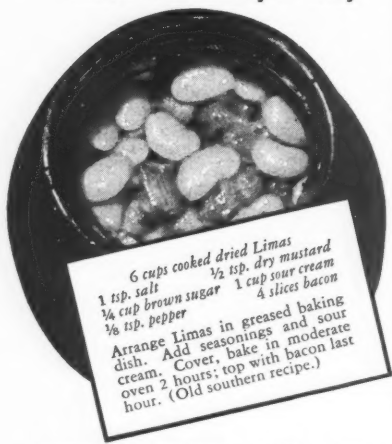
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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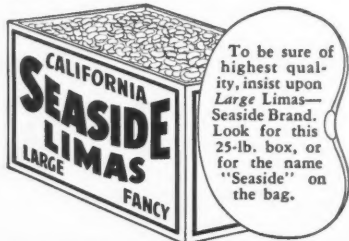
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baked Granny's way



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Christopher Columbus

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(Continued from page 51)

face. Any type of cooking oil or melted butter will serve the same purpose as the solid fat. So will egg white.

If the recipe calls for granulated sugar and honey, say half a cup of each, place sugar in lower half of cup, lightly run greasing brush around the remaining unfilled portion of cup, then pour honey in on top of the sugar until exact measure is reached. In measuring tablespoons or teaspoons of honey, dip the spoon first in cooking oil, melted butter or any type liquid fat and the honey will pour readily.

In baking or cooking with honey, correct temperature is the problem. The amateur is likely to scorch or bake foods too hard. A scorched spot on the surface will affect the flavor of the entire mass, especially of food containing flour. In the recipes we have given here temperature and length of baking time are given. If you have no oven regulator use a slow or moderate oven. If it is a cake you are baking, when it has shrunk slightly from the sides lightly touch the upper crust and if no dent is made the cake is done.

A Matter of Taste

The kind of honey you choose is a matter of taste. Californians prefer the wild sage, the star thistle, the mesquite or the honey of the fireweed. Southerners vote for cotton blossom or the nectar that comes from the blossom of the sourwood or the tupelo tree. Floridians assert orange blossom honey is the only honey on earth. But sweet clover, white and alsike clovers and alfalfa are the chief sources of honey in the United States. The important commercial honeys are mostly from clover or clover blends. The mild-flavored honeys do best for use in salads, for sauces, for drinks. Such honeys, we mean, as the clover, orange, sage, alfalfa and blends of these combinations. Southern honeys like cotton, sourwood, gallberry and tupelo are sweetly flavored and exceptionally fine for chocolate combinations such as brownies, fudge cake, fudge candies, chocolate sour cream cookies. The spicy, dark honeys like buckwheat are perfect for gingerbread, fruit cakes, steamed puddings, fruit punches.

Here are tested honey sweetened recipes that should be useful to church cooks for sugarless luncheons, dinners, teas.

HONEYED BAKED HAM

1 smoked ham (8-10 pounds), tenderized or pre-cooked whole cloves
1 1/2 cups honey
1 pint sweet cider, vinegar or grape juice

After baking and cooling ham remove rind; score fat into 1/2 inch squares or diamonds. Stud with cloves. Cover with cider (vinegar or grapejuice) add honey. Bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.), basting occasionally—until heated through and glazed over top and sides. For a cold ham this takes from 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

HONEYED HAM LOAF

8 pounds smoked ham, ground
2 pounds lean fresh pork, ground
4 small onions, cut fine
4 green peppers, cut fine
1 quart bread crumbs
1/4 cup flour
4 eggs
1 1/2 teaspoon salt
milk sufficient to moisten
4 cans pineapple sticks
1 quart honey
juice of 4 lemons

Mix ham, pork, onion, pepper, bread crumbs, egg, salt and milk enough to

moisten. Shape into four loaves. Dust with flour. Arrange pineapple sticks in spoke fashion over bottom of 4 deep skillets. Cover with honey. Bake loaves on top in slow oven (300 degrees F.) 1 1/2 hours. Invert to serve. Yield: 24 portions.

SWEET POTATO HONEYS

12 large sweet potatoes 1 1/2 cups butter, melted
2 3/4 cups honey salt and pepper

Boil sweet potatoes until almost done. Drain and peel, then cut in half-inch crosswise slices. Place in a large shallow greased baking pan. Mix honey and melted butter and pour over sweet potatoes, sprinkling them lightly with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until a golden brown, about 30 minutes, turning slices during process so that both sides will brown and absorb honey flavor. Yield: 24 portions.

HARVARD HONEY BEETS

6 dozen small beets 1 1/2 cups vinegar
1 1/2 cups honey 3 cups water
2 tablespoons cornstarch 3/4 cup butter

Cook beets. Remove skins. Mix cornstarch with water in saucepan. Add vinegar and honey. Simmer together gently for 5 minutes, stirring until creamy. Add butter. Pour over beets and re-heat over hot water or in oven. Yield: 24 portions.

HONEYED APPLE RINGS

Wash 24 large cooking apples and core and slice crosswise in rounds about 1/2 inch thick. With skins on, place apples in kettle and cover with about 4 cups honey. Bring to bubbling point and simmer until apples are clear, about 10 minutes. Yield: 24 portions.

HONEY PECAN BAVARIAN

3 packages strawberry flavored gelatin 1 1/2 cups honey
4 1/2 cups hot water 3 cups heavy cream
3 teaspoons salt 3 cups chopped pecan meats

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add salt and honey. Chill until cold and syrupy. Fold in cream, whipped only until thick and shiny, but not stiff. Fold in nuts. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into 3 molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Yield: 24 servings.

HONEY RICE PUDDING

6 cups cooked rice 9 eggs
9 cups milk 3 cups chopped raisins
3 cups honey

Mix rice, milk and honey. Add the eggs which have been slightly beaten. Stir in the chopped raisins. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) in 3 well greased baking dishes for about 1 hour. Serve with cream if desired. Yield: 24 portions.

Calling All Cooks

There is a wealth of food and beverage literature for the woman who cooks and all are free for the asking. Whether you are building a recipe file for the home or one of quantity service for the church kitchen, draw on that vast library of recipes developed by the trained home economists of the commercial food companies.

Do you bake at home? If you do, send for a 38-page free cookbook—crammed with recipes for all kinds of yeast-raised breads and cakes. Just drop a post card with your name and address to Standard Brands, Inc., 691 Washington Street, New York City.

Maybe you do depend on the local

baker and the grocer to supply your baked goods. But there are times when a woman likes to run up a batch of hot bread on her own and surprise the family. Recipes for buns, coffee cakes, rolls are given by the dozens in this free booklet. All are favorite recipes of food editors of magazines and newspapers.

Church Cooks Handbook—The Heinz book of quantity recipes (price 50 cents) should be on the desk of every woman who has crowd meals to plan. This well bound, easy to read handbook carries 125 profit making dishes featuring the use of the company's numerous products. The content pages list soups, main dishes, salads and dressings, sandwiches, sauces, desserts. There is a section of menu suggestions. There is a table in the book that the church dinner planner will be thumbing with frequency once she claps an eye on its contents. This is a table giving the quantities of foods to serve 50 and the amount to allow for the individual portion. Quantities are given for dairy products, meats, fish, fruits, vegetables, miscellaneous items such as tea, bread, rolls. A complete reference book, a valuable addition to any church cook's file. Order from H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Cook in Chinese—The Art and Secrets of Chinese Cookery—an 18-page recipe booklet prepared by the La Choy Food Products, Inc., Detroit, is in full color with directions for preparing a variety of chop suey and chow mein dinners. Information is given on canned mixed vegetables, bamboo shoots, kumquats, water chestnuts and bean sprouts. Recipes tell how to prepare steak, salads, stews, broths and soups in the Chinese manner.

Across the Border Recipes—Mexican Cookery—presents over 150 recipes for Mexican type foods in beautifully illustrated 60-page book written for the home-maker. The church cook, too, looking for below-the-border recipes will find tips galore for dishes made piquant with chili powder. The book owes its origin to many sources, including famous chefs throughout old Mexico. Order from Gebhardt's, San Antonio, Texas.

Canned Food Artistry—Canned Food Recipes for 50—Contains over 100 recipes planned for institutional use. The recipes have been tested by the Department of Institutional Management of Kansas State College where the foods were prepared and sold over the counter of the college cafeteria and in the college tearoom. The dishes are representative of all classes of canned foods and wherever possible basic recipes were developed that are susceptible to wide variations of treatment. The book includes a section on beverages, desserts, fish, meats and poultry, salads of both fruits and vegetables, sauces, soups and vegetables. Address your order to the Home Economics Division of the National Canners Association, Washington, D. C.

Sweet as Sugar—Looking for ways to save sugar? Consider Molasses—a book of 33 molasses recipes will be mailed free upon request by writing to the American Molasses Company, 120 Wall Street, New York City. This booklet gives tested recipes for using molasses as a sweetening for sandwich spreads, syrups, breads, cakes, cookies, candies and in desserts.

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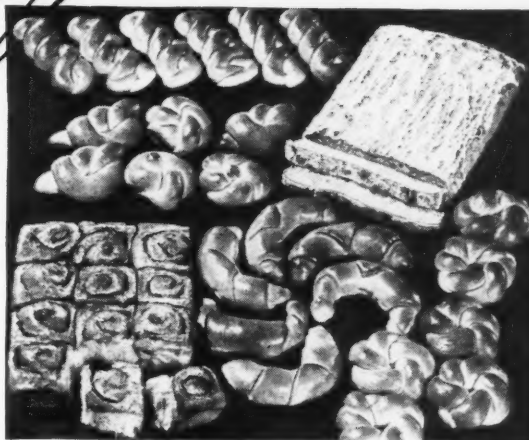
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ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

THE Sherlock Holmes of militarism, Morgan Beatty, who recently launched his new show "Military Analysis of the News" over the Blue Network Company, is a skilled player at the grim game of war.

By his record he has proved himself always one jump ahead of the most unexpected maneuver and has an uncanny faculty for ferreting out closely guarded secrets of policy in the political mind of many countries.

Beatty started with the foreign service of the Associated Press in 1928. He has followed the trail of war from the conquest of Manchukuo through the rise of Hitler to power. Since then Beatty has followed the roll of the war drum close at hand. He began analyzing war news and drafting large-scale maps for the AP.

He was the first reporter in Washington to forecast a change in American foreign policy to meet German and Japanese aggression. His forecast, based on an interview with Secretary of State Hull, contained an accurate picture of the Axis plans for world conquest.

At the outset of the Second World War Beatty made the first comprehensive detailed map of the western front for general distribution. It was so complete. Washington military specialists used it for reference and the Library of Congress Map Division chose it for an exhibit.

The first forecast of the German plan in the attack on Russia was detailed on June 22nd on a Beatty map that accurately forecast the German eastern drive. At a time when military experts were predicting the Germans would blitz through Russia in a matter of weeks, it was Beatty who again forecast the successful Russian resistance.

The Japanese drive into Burma is outlined in a Beatty forecast map entitled "The Road to Mandalay," and he was the first military analyst who hinted in detail at an Allied High Command. (Blue Network, Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 p. m., EWT.)

S SMALL town expert Milton Bacon, who has made a career out of studying the historical background and human interest of country villages in this country, is presenting his findings in a new radio series, "God's Country." Assisting Bacon is Burl Ives, folk-song specialist. The team is doing a grand job of showing listeners how the individuals of our small towns create what is collectively known as "the spirit of America." During the programs, Bacon takes mythical travels through the nation's rural sections disclosing new stories and concentrating on uncovering tales of little known men and women who are contributing their bit to the war effort. Burl Ives' place in the show adds folklore color to the broadcast. Whatever town or locale Bacon speaks of, Ives sings the songs of that district—songs gathered, for the most part, by Burl on his own travels. (CBS, Saturdays, 11:15 a. m., EWT.)

T HREE new religious programs will return to the Blue Network Company as

a part of the network's spring devotional schedule. Dr. Alvin E. Magary, pastor of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be heard each Monday in "Common Sense and Sentiment"; Dr. Lloyd Ellis Foster, Methodist pastor from East Orange, N. J., will conduct a series of spiritual addresses each Tuesday under the general title "The Inner Drama of Life," and Dr. Leslie Bates Moss, Secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, will be heard each Friday in "This World of Ours." (Blue Network, 1:30 p. m., EWT.)

F OR years, Arthur Godfrey has been waking up the East Coast with early morning songs and banter, but now CBS has put him to work in a new show with a serious twist, "Victory Begins At Home." A consumer's program, the broadcast will interest any listener who uses sugar, shaves or wears shoes. Using facts secured first hand from authoritative Government sources, Godfrey, a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, has built an informative but lively program in which he entertainingly explains why prices are going up, what good it does to the nation when housewives curtail the use of sugar, and why Dad is helping his waistline as well as Uncle Sam when he walks to the office. We know we must make sacrifices today, but when we know why we must make those sacrifices, they become purposeful and easier to carry through. (CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 11:00 a. m., EWT.)

P ROFESSOR John T. Frederick, whose pleasant voice is familiar to "Of Men and Books" listeners the country over, taps the font of American literature and social history in a recent weekly program "The Golden Page." The professor ranges the whole field of American literature in his new broadcast, emphasizing the popular rather than the classical. Longfellow and Lanier, "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Lady's Guide to Perfect Gentility" are among the varied bits of Americana which will be included in coming programs. Each broadcast contains elements of humor, sentiment and dramatic incident, with the dominant theme always relaxation and pleasant reflection. (CBS, Saturdays, 11:00 p. m., EWT.)

M ENTION the long run records of "Tobacco Road" or "Abie's Irish Rose" and the cast of the "Cities Service Concerts" just nods politely for they have marked their fifteenth year of continuous weekly broadcasting.

Although we have recommended this patriarchy of the kilocycles before, we salute it again for its recent birthday and because, although the oldest network program on the air, it is also one of the best.

There has always been good music on the "Cities Service Concert." In addition there have been distinguished speakers, sports talks and other features, but music has remained the bulwark of the program. (NBC, Fridays, 8:00 p. m., EWT.)

(Continued from page 27)

mortality rates. Juvenile delinquency was bad, too. Both evils Wahlberg laid to the cold, dark, unsanitary shacks in which the people lived. His outcry brought real estate men indignantly around his ears. This upstart Methodist preacher was a traitor to his city. Wahlberg retorted that, just as there are laws against selling rotten food, there ought to be laws against renting rotten houses.

The Governor of Colorado appointed him chairman of a state housing committee. This committee got the city council to pass a law enabling the mayor to set up a housing authority; Wahlberg helped name the members. The authority obtained federal funds. After a long tough fight, Wahlberg got the black spot near his church designated as the site of the low-rent housing development. Today Lincoln Park Homes replaces blocks of filthy shacks. Infant mortality and juvenile delinquency in this area have taken a sharp drop. Meeting a boy on the street who had lived in one of those shacks with his mother and three brothers and sisters, Wahlberg said: "Well, how do you like your new place?" "You know, Wally," said the kid, "the most wonderful thing about it is that now ma stays at home!"

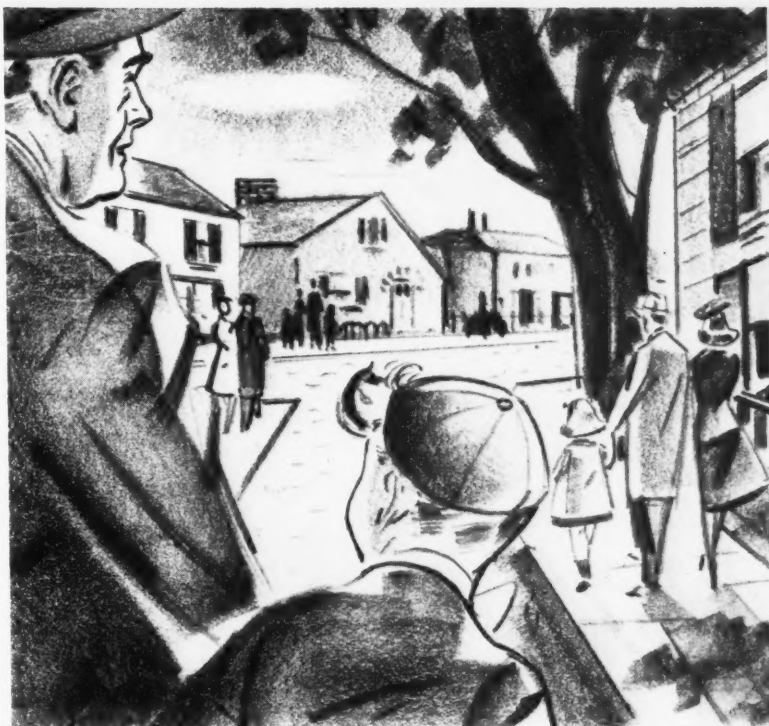
Anything that hits evilly at his people brings Wahlberg up fighting. He found that people of his community were falling into the hands of loan sharks. The state law put no limit on interest, which sometimes was pyramided to six times the principal. Persons who borrowed a little to pay off pressing debts soon found themselves caught under a growing pile of interest, service fees, financing and refinancing charges. Buried more and more deeply, they lost hope and, distracted, sometimes lost their jobs and became unemployable.

Enlisting the help of several other public-spirited men, Wahlberg launched a fight in the legislature for a law cutting small-loan interest to two and one-half per cent a month and eliminating heavy service fees and financing charges. The loan crowd beat the bill by a close vote. But Wahlberg and his friends later got a city ordinance passed which followed the proposed state law rather closely. They are keeping up their fight for a state law. This battle against usury stimulated the organization of credit unions in Denver; the one at Grace Church, charging one per cent interest a month on loans, did over \$4000 in business last year.

Other co-op enterprises have obtained a start at Grace Church under Wahlberg's inspiration and guidance: a consumer's cooperative, and a cooperative medical and dental service. There seems no end to the ideas and programs that have radiated from this church into the lives of the people. Others originate outside, are drawn here and are given focus, then are sent forth into action.

Such is Wahlberg's tolerance that he even permitted the Denver Atheists' Club to meet in Grace Church. One day he received a check for \$7.52 from its president. Meeting the man later, Wahlberg asked about it. Well, it seemed that Wahlberg had unwittingly ruined the atheists' club. Atheists claimed the church

(Continued on page 56)



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The next time you eat too rich food or smoke and drink more than usual take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at bedtime and wake up feeling on top of the world. Read the directions on the Milk of Magnesia package and take only as indicated thereon or as prescribed by your physician.

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2 ACTS AS MILD LAXATIVE. So gentle that it does not upset the system and leave you feeling "all wrung out." Take it any time of the day because it does not act with embarrassing urgency. Many physicians recommend it for young children. There is no better mild laxative.



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(Continued from page 55)

had no real value for the average man, and here Wally was disproving the claim daily under their noses, so the club had disbanded and sent him the balance in their treasury!

When Wally Wahlberg came to Grace Church a dozen years ago in the depths of the depression, it was dying. The district had gone downhill. Well-to-do people who formerly supported the church had moved away. Church attendance averaged forty-nine. The Community House was little used. Wahlberg tried all sorts of pulpit pyrotechnics to try to get people back. No use. They wouldn't come. Friends advised him to close up shop. "Finally," he says, "I realized that the church wasn't offering anything that interested people. So I turned the church over to the people—to the whole community, and let them do with it what they wished."

Invited in, the people of the neighborhood started a Self-Help Cooperative which raised vegetables, made clothes, sold them at cost to hundreds of needy people or gave them away. This was before state or federal relief was available. "Problem Meetings" were organized, and hundreds of people came, vigorously attacking the questions of poverty, relief, jobs, the role of the church in the national crisis.

Church membership took a jump, though Wahlberg never put on a membership drive or asked anybody to join. Today membership is four times, attendance is ten times what they were when he came. In his first year the attendance at Christmas services was sixty-four. Last Christmas, candle-light service was held three times, each time before a capacity attendance. In other words, when he stopped pushing the church as a church in the narrow traditional sense and made it a community affair, the church as a spiritual force multiplied in power.

Denver Labor College had been organized at Grace Church before Wahlberg came but, like the church, it was dying. Now, with the doors thrown open to the entire community, it took on new life and has thrived ever since. This unique institution, largely supported and entirely directed by the American Federation of Labor, with no propaganda for any social or economic creed, teaches subjects that will build better trade unionists and richer lives.

Eleven years ago Wahlberg heard that the Denver Bakers' Union was looking for quarters. Needing money, he invited the bakers to rent rooms in the Community House. They did, they have been there ever since—the only U. S. labor union housed in a church. Recently they voluntarily increased their rent from \$40 to \$50 a month. Nineteen Denver labor unions have been born in Grace Church, often with Wally assisting, and several have had free quarters there till they got on their feet.

When the Western Union employees decided to organize, they asked Wally how to go about it. He suggested that they hold three meetings, one to be addressed by an AFL man, one by a CIO man, one by an independent organizer, and then decide. Wahlberg presided over the three

meetings. Then the WU employees, taking a vote, cast for the AFL.

Remarkably enough, the strongest fraternal hand reached out to Wahlberg in Denver has been that of Paul Roberts, Dean of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral, and out of their friendship came a striking communion of labor and capital in that city. Roberts conceived a warm admiration for Wahlberg in his church among the poor. "Wally has the great gift of not merely talking social ideas and ideals but *living them out.*"

Several times Roberts has paved the way for Wahlberg to get financial help for his church from wealthy people. The two ministers held a series of monthly dinners that brought together groups of what Roberts called his "coupon-clippers" with Wahlberg's labor people. Talking frankly on such subjects as the closed shop, wages, jobs and working conditions, these men discovered that employers and workers were not different breeds of cats, but are all troubled human beings confronted by different circumstances, trying to work things out into satisfactory lives. Unquestionably these gatherings have had an influence in spreading a better feeling between capital and labor in Denver.

The Mothers' Clinic, with free quarters at Grace Church, is primarily a birth-control clinic for low-income people who already have more children than they can decently support and who are haunted by the fear of more. The head doctor gives his services free. Salaries of a part-time doctor, a nurse, and cost of equipment and supplies are met by a wealthy Denver woman who said to Wahlberg: "If you have nerve enough to handle this hot poker, I guess I have nerve enough to back it."

The Clinic is for all races and creeds. Last year it served 5000 women, more than one-fourth of whom are Catholics. Sometimes forty come in one evening. But not all women who come want to avoid having children; some want to find out how to have them. Some, intensely wanting children, use the Clinic to help them safely through periods of temporary poverty. "I won't be around any more," one young wife said recently. "My husband has landed a job; now we can

afford a baby!"

One day a Communist leader in Denver called up Wahlberg and asked him whether he would permit one of their members who had just died to be buried from Grace Church. Wahlberg said: "Well, we had a Republican funeral last week, why not a Communist funeral this week?" The Communist asked: "Will you say a few words?" "All right," replied Wahlberg. He went to see the dead man's widow, who said: "My husband might have been a Christian, but Christians seem so confused and insincere, and churches so futile. He became a Communist. It gave him something to live for. Actually he was a religious man. I am glad that you will speak at his service tomorrow." And Wally did.

There are no rules about Wahlberg. He has worked his head off to get relief for helpless, deserving people; he has worked just as hard to keep people off relief who, he thought, ought to stand on their own feet. He has defended the civil rights of Communists, but he has bitterly attacked attempts of Communists to get hold of adolescents not old enough to know their own minds.

"Is it possible in a period of destruction for the church to build one of the unique institutions of the age—a *unity in religion and service*? I believe that it is," says Wahlberg, and he is proving it. For when Wahlberg's church opened its doors to all the human problems of its community, its spiritual power did not suffer. No, it *increased*.

"The teachings of Jesus," says Wahlberg, "are rich in suggestions for the building of a democratic society. The struggle of democracy in today's world can hope to win only if there is a genuine revival of religion based on the rethinking of human needs."

"The Church needs to rethink and restate the needs of men. Until it has done so it will be jostled out of the way by the onrush of movements that gather round these needs—give vitality to fascism and communism in Europe, and threaten similar phenomena in America. If democracy is saved in America, the Church will have to take a hand. To do so it will have to know, perhaps not less about God, but certainly more about men."

Her hair had retained its radiance and she still wore it her favorite style in the braids wound about her head. She still presented a lovely picture.

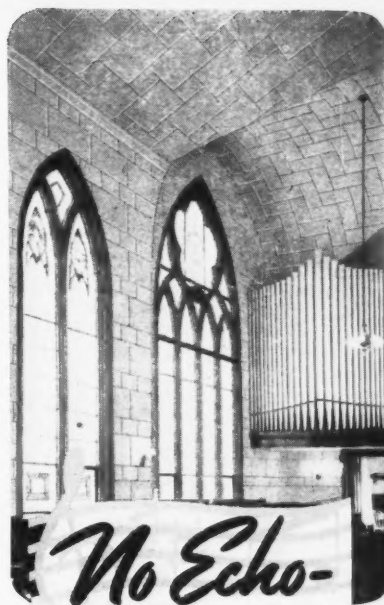
To walk where she had used to wait for the Tamerlane now gave her one of the few real pleasures in her days, and to talk with Kerry about his father was one of her happier moments.

They climbed the steps of the cliff path, Kerry's little short legs making a heroic effort by the time they reached the top. Today the September sun was as warm as that of mid-summer, and the river lay sparkling like a silver ribbon below them.

"Look, Kerry! See that column of smoke around the bend? I used to wait right here for your father. . . ."

The judge glanced up from David's letter. It had been hard to read it, now that his eyes had lost their keenness, and it had been harder to understand than it

(Continued on page 58)



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CITY STATE

(Continued from page 29)

The seminary closed its doors for a short vacation in August each year, and Elizabeth spent much of her time in study and in sewing winter garments. Her delicate white complexion had never lost its fairness because she wore her bonnet pulled low over her face every time she stepped outside the cabin door, but her hands were those of a housewife.

She saw her twenty-fifth birthday go by in September and took stock of herself in the mirror of the old walnut bureau.

My dress is little better than Marmie's back in St. Louis she thought, remembering the spare figure of her black servant. Her figure was better now than when she had been so slender three years before. Then she had been too thin, and her eyes had lost their brightness.

But now, the brilliant blue had been regained, and the golden-tipped lashes swept upward to reveal their clearness.

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REV. J. EARL JACKMAN

**Board of National Missions
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

U. S. A.
156 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 57)

had been to read. The old man sat holding the letter which had just come in on the stage, turning the long document and reading bits of it over again. David was unlike any man he had ever known. Here he had been on the verge of asking Elizabeth to marry him, but finding that Michael still lived, he had restored him to her.

The thing was unbelievable. Why the Tamerlane had been blown to pieces! The crew and passengers had been killed,—none of them had lived to tell the tale. David had found the wrong man!

"Humph!" the judge snorted. "Of all the impossible fancies, this is the craziest," he muttered to himself.

The judge maneuvered to hide the letter in his waistcoat as his wife approached. He had to study it a bit more before he could tell her its contents. "Feeling better, my dear?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, Darrell, I think so. Just a little pain in my side. It will stop after a while."

Alice could picture her little grandson as she saw him at church last Sunday. A beautiful little boy, with his black curling hair and deep blue eyes. He had Elizabeth's lips; and yes, even the judge would have to admit it—his broad forehead and straight nose.

And the judge was thinking: David must have cared deeply for Elizabeth to have been able to do so noble a thing. And he intended to return to Berkley this month. That took courage, too. Sometime he would marry. Yes, David even hinted that he would. Rowena, of course. And Michael and Elizabeth would build their home at South Point, as they had planned years ago. The judge could see David's viewpoint a little clearer now. But the news that Michael still lived had stunned him.

"Maybe I've been wrong," the judge said aloud. It was the first time in sixty-five years that he had made such an admission. But somehow now it didn't seem to matter—

"Whoom! Whoo! Whoo!"

"My goodness! That steamboat whistle's loud this morning. That's not the Wapello, either." The soft echo came drifting from the cliff.

"You know what, Mother? Sounds like the whistle of the old Tamerlane!" The Judge stood up and hobbled stiffly to the corner of the path.

The tall man at the white railing of the upper deck was pale as if from a recent illness. He looked as if his thoughts were a thousand miles away. Though the sparkling water rose as a ploughed furrow from the paddlewheels, he gave it no heed.

It would take weeks yet, to breach the gap between his old world and the new that had awakened to him. The truth of the story seemed stranger than the wildest product of imagination.

He had lived and had died and had now begun to live again. Before he left the East, Michael had asked for and had the whole story. The doctors told him that David Franklin had brought him there for the trepanning operation, and had stayed until he was sure that he would recover. Michael had not seen David. But with the return of memory, he had wanted only one thing—to find Elizabeth.

Then with David's letter in his hand, he

had filled in the gap of the passing years. David had written fully the things that had happened after the wreck of the Tamerlane. Elizabeth believed him dead. And believing, had gone on with the burden of life, caring for their son, and living in her memories.

His eyes caught a familiar landmark. They were past the docks of Boonville now. He went to his cabin and got his baggage together. His hands were icy and his heart beat was unsteady. He climbed the stair to the lower deck and stood by the pilot's wheel as they steamed down the Missouri. As they neared the familiar bend, Michael asked, "May I blow the whistle, Captain?"

"Certainly, Captain O'Day."

Michael reached for the cord. As the whistle resounded from the hills his eyes searched the cliff. A familiar figure stood on the path. Could Elizabeth be keeping their tryst?

Kerry clutched Elizabeth's skirts.

The streamer of smoke ribboned out into the September sunshine and a long blast of the whistle cut the air. Much longer than the captains usually blew for the wharf below.

Two short quick ones immediately followed and Elizabeth stood frozen. Then a soft echo of the last two notes came from the cliff.

Elizabeth's hand flew to her breast, her heart pounded so madly that it must burst.

That was Michael's signal. No other in the world knew it and blew it just that way but Michael.

She took a step forward, her eyes wide. Then hopeless despair shook her. For a moment she had been Elizabeth Granville waiting for her lover.

A long blast of the whistle sounded forth again. In the old days, that meant the word, "Tamerlane." Then the two quick notes, "Is here." She trembled, her body straining forward to hear the echo, "Dearest."

"Tamerlane is here, dearest," she whispered the words wonderingly, her face colorless, her lips bloodless.

A tall figure sprang from the gangplank, and now with giant strides climbed the river road. He took the stone steps two at a time.

Elizabeth ran sobbing to meet him, and thought, "Oh, if this is not so, dear God, let me die now."

But this was the real flesh and blood of the old Michael, not the transparent figure of her dreams; and he held her so close to him that their hearts caught their beating in unison.

Then Kerry was between them and Michael picked him up in his arms to hold him silently. He set him down to wipe Elizabeth's eyes.

"Michael, you are real, you are here—and I'm not just dreaming!"

Michael stopped her frenzied words, with, "Yes, darling, and I know it will take days to understand, so for now, let's only know that it is true and live in this moment." Her sobs stopped and she looked at him wonderingly when he held her out at arm's length to search her tear-stained face. "More beautiful than ever," he said.

And trying to match his mood, she laughed tremulously, "Always the same blarney, Michael, my love!"

THE END

(Continued from page 37)

gave the business back to Mrs. Metcalf. In the community they say, "Maybe we don't see Cy around—but we've still got the things here that he stood for."

With this kind of background, it isn't hard to see why John Metcalf's work as the Hymn Evangelist has a deeper personal significance than the mere earning of a living. It's a pleasant thing to be able to earn your living, doing a kind of work you grew up *feeling, with your heart.*

We got to talking about hymns and the place they hold in national life. It's a surprise to many people, of course, that hymns are a sort of music anyone either cares or expects to hear outside of church on Sunday morning.

"I think one of the most poignant impressions I have when I'm in front of a microphone," John Metcalf said, "is of numbers of everyday people, in everyday places and circumstances, singing along with me as I sing." I know from first-hand experience that he is right about



CY METCALF

this. The only possible reason I could have for listening to the program is that I like old-time hymns as a type of music; they bring back to me thoughts, and ideas and remembrances that I am glad to have.

We were talking, John Metcalf and I, about some particular hymns and how they came to be written.

Take for instance, the hymn we shall be hearing often in the days and months to come—*Onward, Christian Soldiers*! As hymns go it isn't an especially old hymn. Originally it was written as a marching song for children and young people. Yet, having been written primarily for the use of the young, it has become perhaps our foremost hymn of the church militant.

"The Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould wrote *Onward, Christian Soldiers* in 1865," John Metcalf said. "Whitmonday being a great day for special school festivals in England, Mr. Baring-Gould arranged for the schools in the Yorkshire town where he lived, to join children in the next town for a celebration. Believ-

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(Continued from page 59)

ing it would dramatize the feeling of neighborliness if they should all march together in a group from village to village, he decided that, if they were going to march, they would also need a special and stirring tune to march to. Well, 1865 is quite a while ago, and it is interesting that the hymn composed at the last minute to serve a highly local purpose is seldom omitted from the repertoire of military bands playing for parade, drill and special-observance purposes."

Of all Easter hymns probably the most celebrated and the most universally loved is Charles Wesley's "Christ the Lord is Risen today." The Biblical text on which it is built is from I Corinthians 15: 55, 56, 57. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." As Augustine Smith tells us, Charles Wesley's contribution through his hymns to the progress of the evangelical revival of the 18th century was close in

been about over with the close of the 19th century and, though there were contributions by other nationalities, the English must be considered the greatest of the writers.

Generally speaking women as composers of hymns have been in the minority. Some commentator has said that "men have richer, more poignant experiences, which beget hymn-writing," but perhaps this rather moot statement was made in pre-equal rights days—and so can be taken as old-fashioned and slightly biased.

It's a funny thing, as James Stephens says, how long and far some men chase the thing they become. John Metcalf has been in radio more or less since it began. And as late as 1934, what he was singing on the air was popular ballads, all full of June, and moon, and love and dove. Then one day he happened to mention casually to Frederick Bishop of the Yankee network that he believed there was a field for singing a different kind of music in radio. Hymns, to be exact. Bishop, who is a man who knows all there is to know about radio from a-way back, looked at him, and the more they talked

EASTER—1942

Oh, that the whole wide world would turn and climb
The hills at dawn to meet the risen Christ;
Oh, that the nations in this troubled time
Would seek the only peace that has sufficed
To meet the need of hearts long sorely tried:
"My peace I leave with you," the Master said,
"My peace I give to you," oh, that world-wide
Mad wars might cease and there be peace instead!

God, God the sunlit hills are waiting there,
The Easter morning breaks, the dawn light shines,
Send out thy voice upon the shattered air
And bid men form in endless eager lines
To seek the waiting risen Christ who stands
Still offering his peace with outstretched hands.

Grace Noll Crowell

importance to the organizing and preaching ability of his brother, John. Charles Wesley wrote over 6000 hymns.

Generally speaking the hymns we are most familiar with divide themselves into the Classical, Gospel, and Folk hymns. Isaac Watts' "There is a land of pure delight" is said to have been suggested by the view across Southampton Water from the town in which his father kept a boarding school. "He leadeth Me, O Blessed Thought!" written in 1862 by the Rev. Joseph Gilmore, son of the then Governor of New Hampshire, is right on the borderline between the classical and the gospel hymn.

Are new hymns being written today? Yes, says Mr. Metcalf, but not in anything like the numbers of twenty-five or thirty years ago. Whereas the Reformation brought about the writing of hymns in such profusion by Martin Luther, and the Wesleys were prolific at producing hymns telling of a method of life they believed in, the great period of actual hymn writing—as regards hymns that have withstood the passage of time, remaining in common usage—seems to have

about it, the more he was inclined to agree with Metcalf. After all, Metcalf should know. He had sung for Billy Sunday, summers at Winona Lake under Homer Rodeheaver's supervision. Summers his father, Cy Metcalf, would "detail" him to take a run over to the Cedar Falls Bible Conferences and to do some singing for the folks.

So Frederick Bishop said, "Well, let's go in and talk to Linus Travers about it." Linus Travers was in about the same position as Bishop, with regard to knowledge about radio. He'd been with radio from the nursery stage too.

They decided to try it. And after the first program the mail surprised them. "Well! wrote a country woman, 'I'm that glad to hear something I can recognize, coming out of my radio. Tell that young man to sing 'There is a green hill far away' for me, and I'll send him down a batch of my best cookies.'"

That was the beginning, and it's been going on ever since. "I have just one purpose," he says, "to sing the hymns of all colors, all creeds, as reverently as I can." That he surely does.

(Continued from page 49)

possible for his sister to have a Bible. He didn't want to give his away, thinking it was much better if his sister had one of her own."

"He said, 'My sister has just gotten married and I think she needs a Bible.' The mother of this family has been dead for several years, but little brother is doing his bit toward taking care of his big sister in the right way."

Another nurse and former colleague of Mrs. Meade, Miss Ebba Anderson, tells of a little eight-year-old Mexican girl whom she found playing "Sunday School" with a group of Mexican and Anglo-American children. The "little missionary" told Miss Anderson that she had taught two Anglo-American girls to pray.

"We try to give service whether the trouble be a sore toe or an aching heart," says Mrs. Meade. "In addition to the permanent centers, we conduct all sorts of vacation Bible schools during the summer months, temporary clinics, and temporary nurseries so that women working in the fields can be sure that their babies are safe. Once the babies just crawled around the fields or in the canneries."

Here is a description of a day in a play center set up for migrant children.

"The small babies were bathed, fed, and cared for throughout the day. Meantime, the other children gathered round the piano and home-made altar for a worship service. Here they experienced the joy of singing hymns and listening to Bible stories, many of them for the first time. After the worship service, chairs were carried over to the long work table for handicraft. Then came organized play, clean-up for lunch, the noon-day meal, and rest hour. When rest hour was over, story hours, dramatics, singing, and special classes for retarded students, Kindergarten work for young ones, and poetry appreciation for older children were a part of the program. In the evening, a woodworking club was held for older boys who worked in the fields during the day, and a sewing club for the girls."

As a result of Christian influence, the attitude of settled townspeople toward their nomadic fellow-Americans is gradually but surely changing for the better. Today many communities, which once segregated the migrants as if they were lepers, receive them as valuable citizens who are performing useful and honorable labor. "If it weren't for the migrants who get out the crops in time for quick delivery to the retail markets, the nation would get most of its vegetables from cans," Mrs. Meade emphasizes.

But while our country was still at peace, farmers and growers were beginning to understand that hungry, underpaid people cannot work efficiently. Trade organizations, such as the Oregon Growers Association, were cooperating increasingly with the Council to better the lot of America's roving legions.

"The migrant problem is going to be best solved through a process of education, and that is where you nurses play a great part," a California grower named Giffen told a colleague of Mrs. Meade's. "More Christian work among the migrants will make these hard-up folks feel like America's mainstays instead of America's orphans."

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING

Admiral of the Ocean Sea, by Samuel Eliot Morison. (680 pp., Little, Brown and Company, \$3.50.) Perhaps the finest historic writing done in the United States since the immortal Parkman. No adventure novel has a style more captivating and no contemporary romance is quite as romantic. Here is a full length portrait of Christopher Columbus. The author has not only searched the libraries, he has sailed after the Admiral, himself, followed him down the seas on all his voyages. Since I read Parkman this is the first historical work that has kept me awake at night. It is a monumental achievement. My review would still not be adequate were it to absorb the space of this department.

Experience and the Christian Faith, by Howard B. Jefferson. (230 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$2.00.) The author reveals Christian faith as both reasonably and spiritually desirable. He has a dual proposal—that scientific techniques be employed in the service of human values and that the Christian hold to his faith in a transcendent being who alone represents supreme value. A scholarly volume for searching minds everywhere. Particularly significant and timely in these days which are filled with questions of religion and of individual Christian faith.

Out of the Darkness, by John Haynes Holmes. (150 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.) "Out of the Darkness" is a valuable contribution to the literature of these war days. It is written by an intellectual pacifist who spiritually is a militarist. The author is a truly great liberal, but with the technique of the most extreme "fundamentalist." He always writes in the spirit of "Thus saith the Lord." In his own heroically held convictions, invariably he is a literalist. For these convictions he would resign, sacrifice or die, but he has little tolerance for the convictions of others.

I Was In Hell With Niemoeller, by Leo Stein. (Fleming Revell Company, \$2.50.) An unfolding story of tragedy, an incredible history of physical, moral and spiritual degradation and intolerance under the Third Reich. If the half is half true—and every page is convincing—never since the fall of man has man so fallen. A must book for you.

Seven Tempest, by Vaughan Wilkins. (458 pp., The Macmillan Company, \$2.75.) A powerful historical novel; a dramatic story quite impossible but equally convincing. Mature, dynamic, brutal and even bestial, but never obscene as books in this mood generally are. There are moments of exquisite beauty

and characters that mature to royal proportions. Clearly not for Sunday School libraries, and worthily you will both loathe and admire, but you will never forget.

The Men Who Make the Future, by Bruce Bliven. (325 pp., Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.00.) An absorbing and confidential scientific survey and prophecy, written in your language and mine. No book that I have ever read is so completely satisfying in its field of vast adventure. What about the world of tomorrow and the miracle of atomic research? What may we expect to discover in the incredible depths of the sky? What are the unsolved mysteries? And do the scientists make the future? At only one point does the author completely, and to me it seems almost deliberately, fail. What about God? Well here he writes nothing—though he does indicate a prejudice against Presbyterians. Too bad—and when in the present crisis every other writer of comparable achievement puts God first.

Canton Captain, by James B. Connolly. (334 pp., Doubleday, Doran and Company, \$3.00.) This is the smoothly flowing biography of one of the great figures in the fabulous days of America's pioneer China trade. Captain Robert Bennett Forbes is a heroic figure—a man of physical, intellectual and spiritual proportions. He was in overseas action at nine, just after the opening of the nineteenth century. He commanded a clipper ship in his early twenties. He was a commodore in the Civil War and still globe-trotting in the early eighties. In these pages the reader finds romance and history with each supplementing the other.

The Book of Knowledge (Annual: 1942), edited by E. V. McLoughlin. (The Grolier Society, 450 pp., \$10.00) A publication of Children's Institute. The annual book of knowledge is worthy of the notable succession. It is required reading for those who have entered this library. You should not delay in securing it. How complete and timely it is may be judged from the fact that there are pictures of the new oil-line from Portland, Maine, to Canada and the very latest data on everything, from color photography to the war.

Big Ben, by Earl Schenck Miers. (238 pp., The Westminster Press, \$2.50.) This is a stirring novel inspired by the even more stirring life of Paul Robeson, all-American in football and Phi Beta Kappa in scholarship during his student days, whose after college life fulfills the promises of his Rutgers undergraduate years. Every red-blooded American should read

this story and thrill to its courage, its humanness and dynamic faith. It is a tale to make you proud of America—though at times ashamed of some Americans including yourself.

* *Defense Will Not Win the War*, by W. F. Kernan. (193 pp., Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.) A challenging, brilliantly written thesis in the highly technical field of modern warfare, but written for every man. I believe that this is a book of the year and a book of utmost significance for the present crisis. The author attacks defense as a disastrous myth. He believes that democracy can only win by an offensive at the heart of the enemy's continental power—and that the offensive should begin this spring. Thank me for telling you to read immediately, "*Defense Will Not Win the War*."

(Continued from page 25)

If the Easter event had been an illusion, would its effects have lasted and grown down the centuries? If you can believe that the Christian movement began by preaching a myth and has spread to some six hundred million followers by proclaiming a false hope, producing thereby such noble characters as Francis of Assisi, David Livingstone and Wilfred Grenfell—if you can believe that, then you can dismiss Jesus as one more mistaken idealist lured to his death by a false dream. But for myself when I see how Christ lived up to His belief, and died up to it, and then how He has convinced others of His triumph over death, for myself I confess that I believe in Christ. The second arch in the bridge of faith still holds for me.

We move on to the third arch. Jesus said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." How strong is our confidence in a Father's house of many mansions?

At first thought, to be sure, death seems like a dispossession notice. It puts us out of our accustomed dwellings. It dissolves "our earthly house of this tabernacle." It makes us conscious of change and decay. When we look at the things that are seen and temporal, death makes us feel how transient we are.

However, consider a parallel. Suppose that we were to go to Atlantic City and sit on the boardwalk watching the Easter parade. What a sense of transiency would sweep over us! The restlessly moving throng; the changing styles, the streamlined millinery of today making the models of last year look hopelessly out-of-date; the midway shops with their offerings of momentary appeal to a tourist trade—everything in the picture would suggest change and impermanence. But suppose that we were to turn our backs on the holiday throng and look out to sea. What a different mood would be stirred in us by the movements of the waters on the great deep! They are restless in their restlessness. They are symbolic of limitless reach and endless endurance.

Similarly, Christ turns our backs on the passing show, the baubles of Vanity Fair, the changing worldliness, and directs our gaze out to sea, out to the vastness of things endless and eternal. We

(Turn to next page)

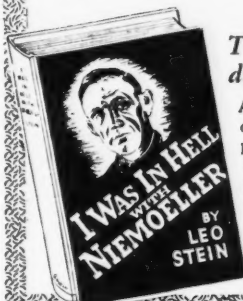
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(Continued from page 63)

begin to get a sense of the boundlessness of life. We feel with Whittier both the infinitude and the intimacy of God until we too, say:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Yes, when we turn from the things which are seen and temporal to ponder the things which are unseen and eternal, we begin to feel with Paul that "if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Growing life in this world is an expansion from mansion to mansion. The child lives in a nursery, a mental house of toy proportions. Then he goes to school, and thereupon opens a world of letters bringing him into fellowship with minds past and present. Or perhaps he enters the world of music and another mansion opens. Rooms of memory and of hope are added to our growing minds. Personality by its very nature is onward moving. Present any limit to us and we immediately think beyond it. If for instance, an insurance company were to issue a policy guaranteeing that we would die not before but on our eightieth birthday, would we sign up? The chances are that most of us will not reach our four score milestone, but we prefer to take the chance of passing it. We live in the domain of the more-yet-to-be. The more we learn, the more we feel remains to be learned. Our knowledge is like an island surrounded by an ocean of mystery; the larger the island becomes the longer the shoreline of the unknown. Sir Isaac Newton after all his achievements confessed: "I seem to have been like a boy playing on the seashore while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me."

The passing years deepen in me this feeling that life is something far bigger than the domain bounded by our bodily senses. Believing in God, believing also in Jesus, the Christ, I cannot help but believe that "in my Father's house are many mansions." This visible world is but the vestibule. And every time the door swings to let another of my loved ones through from the world of the seen to the world of the unseen, the invisible rooms of my Father's house grow more real to me.

What those other rooms of the spirit are like I do not know. But I remember an experience of my youth. During my absence at college my parents moved to a new home in the lovely little city of Mount Vernon, Ohio. When I returned for my Thanksgiving vacation I was headed for a new home I had never seen. I was eager, but I was not worried, for I knew that it was the house father and mother had chosen and they would be there. Somewhat like that is my feeling about "my Heavenly Father's house of many mansions." It is the place where Christ is.

At this Easter season I have not sought to argue. I have simply given you my own faith for what it is worth. It may not be worth much to you. But it is of priceless value to me.

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(Continued from page 35)

of Samuel." His friend had no suggestion to make, merely shook his head shyly, so Ramnarayan and I decided upon the name of Paul for him.

I have never known greater happiness in my ministry than the Easter Sunday morning when I stood before the little congregation in Akashwani (meaning a Voice from Heaven) Church and baptized Samuel—the one called of God—and Paul—the one changed by God.

Perseverance Sunday School held the usual harvest thanksgiving service toward the end of that year, and some two hundred men, women, and children attended. Even the maharaj who owned the rice estate, honored us with his presence that Tuesday evening.

Three years passed, and Samuel Ramnarayan is still teaching school, a full-fledged teacher now, no longer an apprentice. He still cycles four miles each Sabbath to Akashwani Church. And he still—if I know Samuel Ramnarayan—carries on the Perseverance Sunday School.

He is the most unusual layman in my brief experience.

(Continued from page 41)

but no more foolish than those we make when we know what He wants us to do. Pray for grace to be faithful to the revealed will and the express command. That is the way to blessing.

Help us, O God, to be more firm with ourselves. So shall weakness pass to strength, and indolence to service. Through Christ, Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16

"ADORN THE DOCTRINE."
READ TITUS 2:1-10

OUR dear old grandmothers loved to give things that little extra touch which brought forth beauty. The lace on their dresses, the embroidery which adorned them, the fragrance of lavender clinging to them, indicate that. When we think of it, clothes would be rather drab without the simple ornamentation of buttons and trimmings. That suggests the small yet important extra touches which make a life attractive and beautiful. To do right in the right way, to be courteous and kind, to render some required service with graciousness and readiness—these things help to adorn any doctrine.

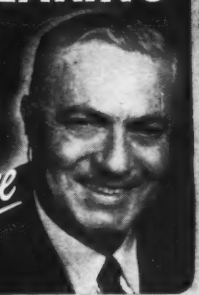
Give us Thy grace, O Father, that we may bring honor to the faith we profess and the Master we serve. For Christ's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17

"WHOSOEVER HEARETH . . . AND DOETH."
READ MATTHEW 7:21-29

TRUE faith in Christ, real love for Him, mean action. Spurgeon once said that "if Noah's ark had had to be built

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by a company, they would not have laid the keel yet. What is many men's business is nobody's business. The greatest things are accomplished by individual men." He has something there! It is not by committees and councils that the best work for Christ is done. It is not societies, but individual saints who accomplish most. That is not disparaging corporate effort, for that is really simply combining individual service. The main point is, do we approve—or do the will of God?

Move our hearts with personal love to Thee, O Jesus, that that love may be expressed in personal effort for Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

"ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL."

READ THESSALONIANS 5:15-28

SOME one who evidently merits the gratitude of the motorist has given us the secret. How to handle a ticket for traffic violations? He says, "The best way to make friends with the officer so that he will not give you a ticket for violation of the traffic laws is this. Avoid all infractions of the traffic laws." There is more in that than appears at first sight. The way of safety is to keep out of trouble. The way to overcome our temptations—in some cases, at any rate—is to avoid the temptation. And it can be done.

Keep us, O Lord, so near to Thee, so responsive to Thy will that we may be preserved from evil. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."

READ PSALM 34:1-15

HAPPY is the heart that can find place for the song of gratitude whatever the times may be. Most of us can be glad and good-tempered when everything is going well. But the heart that can take the varied happenings of life, the sometimes perplexing ruling of God's providence without rebelling, complaining, or even stifling the song, is one that can wield a wondrous power for God and good. Try today to see the underlying purpose of good, the over-shadowing love of the Father who is ever good. Then shall the soul rejoice.

Fill our hearts with trust, dear Lord, with quiet faith in Thy love. So shall our lives glorify Thee. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 20

"THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST."

READ EPHESIANS 3:1-8

ONLY those who cultivate the acquaintance of Christ by diligent study of the Bible and through prayer know what vast enrichment lies there. An oil prospector in California, having failed, was trying to figure out how he could pay his fare to Mexico. He saw a wagon



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The Japanese moved out of Foochow after using all the rice that had been gathered and destroying all the rice paddies—they turned their horses loose and let them eat up the young plants they did not kill underfoot. The enemy left behind them a city facing starvation but they were hardly out of sight before the inhabitants who had fled on their arrival rushed back to their homes.

Your Mission managed to protect its people and guard its Industrial plants—our latest word from Foochow tells of orders for furniture, of printing that can be done by our presses; once more life can be lived and the daily chores be done. The children are still back in the hills, we feel safer keeping them there. The older boys who run the industrial works can take care of themselves should war once again move into their city.

The destruction of rice plants means the scarcity of the main food of the Chinese—it is their bread. They must have rice, as you must have bread. We must get it for them somewhere and pay the price no matter how high it is. These orphan children need you as never before—they need every penny you can send them. It takes a long time to get money to China these days, so please rush your contribution so that we may send it to them by China Clipper.

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pass, loaded with black dirt. He saw more than the dirt. Asking the man where he got it, he found the earth more greasy than that in the wagon. He got permission to drill, and thirty feet down he struck oil. That was the beginning of E. L. Doheny's climb to wealth—and it started right where he was.

Touch our eyes that we may see, our hearts that we may discern, the true riches of Thy grace, O Christ. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21

"BE YE KIND, TENDER-HEARTED."
READ EPHESIANS 4:25-32

ACCORDING to the astronomers, the moon is somewhat a cold place. The temperature, measured by our thermometers, is estimated at 243 degrees below zero. But that suggests something to us. How cold and barren would this world be, how bare and cheerless human life, were it not for the warm love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. It is for us, however, so to radiate that love, so to bring the warmth of His tender regard for men to bear on other lives, that we may make Him real to all men.

Through the love Thou hast bestowed upon us, through Thine effectual grace, help us, O Master, to share our blessings this day. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

"YE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS."
READ GALATIANS 3:20-29

MANY familiar things have distant origins. The onion came from Egypt, the citron from Greece, and celery from Germany. Oats came from North Africa, rye from Siberia, and spinach from Arabia. Peaches were imported from Persia, the quince from Crete, and the pear and apple from central Europe. Yet they are all at home in our soil, and are as American as anything. So are the people of differing stock. We resent anti-Semitism as un-American. So are all differences arising from race or color. Why? We are all one in Christ Jesus. That, and every other blessing, originates with Him.

For the blessings which Thy gospel has conferred on the race, we adore Thy name, O Lord. Let us love Thee as we ought. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23

"FURNISHED UNTO EVERY GOOD WORK."
READ II TIMOTHY 3:10-17

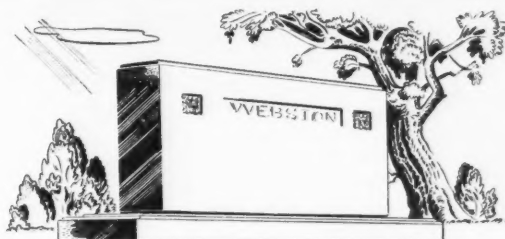
LIFE presents many a hard lesson, many a trying experience, but God's good purpose underlies them all. "Oh, let my life be tempered with a little grief and pain, that I may know the rapture that comes with every gain. May I be steeled to stand against the shock of every one—my source of strength and steadiness the ballast I have won." So shall our lives be found fitted to bear, to fight, to endure as any emergency may require. And so shall our



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FRIDAY, APRIL 24

"BE STRONG AND OF A GOOD COURAGE."
READ JOSHUA 1:1-7

YESTERDAY'S author has a further word for us, especially if we are inclined to become sorry for ourselves, and to be so engrossed with our own needs that we have no thought for others. "From subtle love of softening things; from easy choices, weakenings—not thus are spirits fortified, not this way went the Crucified. From all that dims Thy Calvary, O Lamb of God deliver me."

Strengthen us, O Lord, that when we are prone to shirk the distasteful duty we may be enabled to stand fast in Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25

"I WAS ENVIOUS AT THE FOOLISH."
READ PSALM 73:1-17

A CITY man visiting a farmer friend asked, "Do you hatch all these chickens yourself?" The other laughingly replied, "Oh no; we have hens to do that." But we often do a lot of our own hatching. Have you noticed how we brood over something that has gone wrong? Before long, instead of one worry, we have a whole flock of them hatched out. The Christian way is to drive it resolutely from the mind by allowing thoughts of loving trust in the good Father to prevail. Prayer can work wonders.

Strengthen our faith, O divine Father, that we may do our best, and then leave results with Thee. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26

"IT IS GIVEN UNTO YOU TO KNOW."
READ MATTHEW 13:10-17

WE LOVE a mystery. The magician who brings things from nowhere, and makes others vanish, always appeals. So does the novelist with his mystery stories. But in real life? There we resent it. Why are there so many inexplicable happenings? Why are there pain and suffering, oppression and cruelty, dictators and destroyers? Christ gives us the clue. Man is free to use or misuse his powers, but he will be held accountable. But God is supreme.

Give us that faith in Thee moving us to do our duty, and also to trust implicitly in Thy power. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 27

"THE WORK OF OUR HANDS."
READ PSALM 90

THE inventor seems bent on saving us trouble. We approach a door; it opens.

We pause by a drinking fountain; the water flows. A touch of the finger; the radio tunes itself to the desired station. The house temperature drops; the thermostat starts up the furnace. Yet nothing can displace the effective service of the Christian heart. The only way that most of us can express the faith that is in us is by doing our tasks well.

Help us to see our opportunities of serving Thee. So shall we make the common tasks of every day a sacrament. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28

"LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD."
READ I PETER 2:15-25

ONE of the strange things about life is that, somehow, we naturally dislike the man whom we know we have injured. But, what is equally true, we have not only a friendly, but also a proprietary, interest in him whom we have been able to help. The latter is the truly Christian spirit. Christ has fashioned a fellowship which includes the entire human race. There are no barriers of class or color, race or language, because a common need marks all mankind. That makes all men brothers.

Help us to overleap the barriers of pride, O Father, for Thou hast made us all. And in helpful service, let our love be expressed. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

"WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION."
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:5-13

WORRY kills more people than work. That suggests that if one is worrying, evidently one has ceased working while one does it. Perhaps if we kept more diligently at our tasks, if we thought more of what we could make in them than out of them—character; if we saw the divine purpose in thus giving us a chance to find ourselves, to learn patience, self-control, and discipline, we would have less time to worry.

Holy Father, Thou art mindful of us. Thou viewest our welfare as Thy concern. Give us faith that shall banish fears. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30

"A THOUSAND YEARS IN THY SIGHT,
ARE AS YESTERDAY."
READ PSALM 90

WHILE we are in a hurry to reap the harvest of our toil, while we are resentful because the wicked bring their evil devices to pass, the patience of God is unexhausted. His long-suffering would bring the sinful to repentance. Yet, if men will not heed His voice, that does not affect the final issue. God is at work in the world.

If we are troubled and perplexed because life is burdensome, help us to commit ourselves to Thy divine keeping. Through Christ, Amen.

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APRIL 1942

COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

For Sunday School Teachers
Stanley B. Vandersall, D.D.

APRIL 5

Continual Lessons from Easter

"WHAT has Easter to teach me?" is a question many people are asking as this war-time Easter makes its approach. But there will be at least as many who will not even admit that there is *any* lesson to be learned. For them the day will come and go with no mark except the wearing of new clothes and a sort of joy over the return of spring.

Two great truths stand out more strongly on Easter than at any other time. Here they are: (1) Easter day proclaims that Jesus Christ arose from the dead and is alive forevermore. (2) Easter day proclaims that every believer in Christ is the heir to eternal life beyond the grave.

While it is *difficult* to believe, partly because there is no mention of how it was done, and no record of eyewitnesses, the raising of Christ is as well supported as any event in the Bible. All four Gospel writers described it, all the disciples accepted it at once (except Thomas, who needed special proof), and all the believers in the early church made it a vital part of their faith. The Apostle Paul, whose intellect and training would have made him a natural doubter, accepted it beyond question. This should weigh heavily for every thinking person.

But, if we take the Bible as proof, the final resurrection of Christ's followers is just as certain. Paul's writings are especially strong at this point also. He describes, in I Corinthians 15:42-58, what will happen to those who are alive at Christ's coming, and in other places (see I Thess. 4:13-18) the resurrection of the dead. Paul's argument is that earthly bodies cannot go into the spiritual kingdom just as they are, but need to be changed.

APRIL 12

Kingdom Workers Needed

HOW many people are supposed to work at the job of bringing in the Kingdom of God, and who should they be? Certainly every sensible person would say that the task is so prodigious that the number of workers must be infinitely large. With all their present number, the followers of Christ are too few when set in opposition to the conquests of sinful men.

Perhaps here we can learn something from Jesus. He must proclaim to as many people as possible that a new day was about to come, that God was ready to start His Kingdom on earth. Jesus could not do all this telling Himself. He was to be in the flesh for only a short time. Therefore He must enlist all the helpers He could.

With these things in view, Jesus adopted two plans, and worked them both at the same time. *First*, He appointed twelve disciples who should stay with (Continued on page 71)

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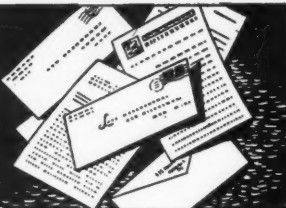
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Edited by PAUL MAYNARD

A Letter from Penn Morrow

New York
March 1st, 1942.

Dear Editor:

So many of our *Christian Herald* readers have written asking for news of Felicia and Jules in Brussels, and to find out what has happened at Brixham to Hearthstone and our faithful friends, the Searles.

Well, there has been no news of Felicia for over a year now—the last letter I had was written in October, 1940, and took over three months to get through the German censors and to America. After the invasion of Belgium, when King Leopold's Armies were forced to retreat into France, Felicia tried to go to England, but since she was no longer a British resident, the Consul would not permit it. Instead she followed, with the thousands of other refugees, the Belgian army into France. They slept in open fields, under hedges, and found what food they could. Felicia said she wasn't scared, in fact, the screaming shells through the sky at night were fun, as long as you were far away from them. The only trouble was that the thunder of cannons kept you awake at night. Madame Bean, her mother-in-law, stayed on in her job at the Brussels bank, but before Felicia left she gave her all her savings and this carried Felicia as far as Bordeaux. She saw Jules three times during this period, before the surrender—after that Jules was put in a concentration camp and remained there from June until October.

Felicia was ordered to go back to Brussels. This took over three weeks of spasmodic traveling on rockety old French railroads. The only accommodation was a hard wooden seat, jammed in with all the other refugees. She arrived back in the first week of August and went back to Madame Bean. Here they awaited news of Jules and when at last he returned he looked thin, tired and sad; but Felicia said, "It seemed too good to be true to have him home with us. He is fine except for his nerves but with the nightly bombing everyone's nerves are on edge. The cellars are cold and with so little food inside of us, it is hard to keep warm." She and Jules hunted daily for work but like every other faithful Belgian they found none. Here her letter ended saying, "Do write as soon as you can, for I don't know how long we shall be able to correspond with the U.S.A." Since that time, we have tried many times to get in touch with them, but so far everything has failed. Nevertheless, we all feel at home that somewhere and some day we shall have news again of Felicia and Jules.

News from Brixham comes through quite regularly and in November, 1941, I received a letter from a friend of mine who heads a Women's Voluntary Service for the area. Of Hearthstone, she tells me that it has been turned into a communal kitchen feeding center for the thousands of children evacuated from vulnerable areas. She says you get a remarkable meal for twenty cents; these are being opened over the whole of England, with the idea of food economy and also of feeding the children



Searle, with Cnut and Pilgrim

the necessary number of vitamins. Ver-bena Cottage has been taken by the government for a nursery center. No house is allowed to stand empty these days and the population of Brixham is now twelve thousand instead of eight thousand. The town is full of — — (these words were officially cut out of the paper) and they all fish in Brixham harbor, so that it looks much as it used to twenty years ago, when hundreds of trawlers sailed out of the harbor every Monday morning, with their red sails flapping in the thin breeze.

"Tell all your friends in America," she says, "that their money is being put to very good use, and one of the best ways is in the equipment and running of homes for evacuated children under five. We do not have your gift of showing our appreciation, but I can assure you it is very heartfelt, and I really do not know what we should have done without your help with clothes, money and supplies, apart from munitions. The latest addition is America Lodge, a home recently opened for Civilian Blind through enemy action, which was purchased and financed by America."

This is all the news of Brixham—I am enclosing a letter from the Searles which I received this past month, and several snapshots which *Christian Herald* readers will enjoy.

Yours very sincerely,
Anne Penn Morrow

And One from the Searles

Brixham, England
December 31st, 1941.

Dear Miss Penn:

As you know, we are rationed and can only get two ounces of tea a week per

head, and we do love our cup of tea. We shall think of you when we are drinking one of your nice cups of tea and coffee. The sugar will come in nice for me to make cakes with. It was a nice surprise for us for the last day of the old year.

I do hope this will find you all well and free from colds. We are always thinking and talking about you all and say how you must miss our dear Mrs. Morrow. Searle has had an awful cold for the last two months. He caught it when he first went out to the shipyard to work. It happened to be bitterly cold then. He is very busy back at his old trade and loves the work. He is away all day working every day of the week, including Sundays. He did have the day off for Xmas but had to go to work the next day.

Glad to say Cnut, Pil and Dan are well. Searle would not hear of Cnut and Pil being put to sleep. He said while he can work he is going to try and keep them, for the sake of Mrs. Morrow, as she was so fond of Cnut. He is properly spoiled. I still have to keep Dan parted from him, but we manage it all right. We have got so used to it we have been doing it so long now.

We still have Marjorie living with us. She is in a job here in the town. I expect they will be calling her up soon as she had to register in the summer. The dogs will miss her if they do, as she helps to take them out for walks.

It did not seem like Xmas to any of us here this year. One cannot feel very happy when there is all this war on. We do wish you all a Very Happy New Year, and a brighter one for us all, and that the New Year will see the end of this dreadful war.

We remain yours obediently,

Ethel & John Searle

For the Boys in Camps

Carlisle, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed you will find a check. It isn't much, but I would like you to do something very special with it, for the boys in the Army camps. I have no way of knowing how many camps there are, or to how many *Christian Herald* already goes—you probably have all that information. But right now, when camp life is so new to so many boys, I feel they need the influence of your magazine so very much. Undoubtedly your magazine has been going into hundreds of homes from which these boys are going out, and if they read at all, and see *Christian Herald* on the table in the reading room of their camp, it seems to me it would make them feel just a little more at home.

This week, we have the drive for books for the boys at camps. Carlisle's quota is 1400—and we'll make it! But your magazine has in it the kind of spiritual strength that isn't found in just reading books. Every article is like a little pill full of vitamins, and I know they bring far reaching results.

May I thank you, too, for publishing many satisfying articles such as Eleanor Hunter has written in the February issue "Does War Challenge Your Belief in God?" They are the articles that we are starving for. I am so thankful that it will be read by so many thousands of fathers and mothers and young people in homes. But I wish too, all the boys in camp could read it, too.

Ruth E. Van Riper

We hereby thank Reader Van Riper. We are sure she would appreciate a note from any of the men in the camps who happen to read this page.

(Continued from page 69)

Him, learn of His teaching, catch His spirit, and carry on after His departure. *Second*, He chose seventy disciples who should go out at once to reach all the people possible, tell the glad news of the Christ, move on to others.

Is not this simple arrangement to be carried down to our day? Does it not provide the answer as to how many and who should work in the Kingdom?

APRIL 19

How Do We Act When Under Fire?

A MILLION American boys wearing the uniform are finding out what it means to be under fire from the enemy. Doubtless every soldier makes some sort of advance plan as to how he proposes to act when the crisis comes. A skill can be acquired in this as in other matters. The British people attest this as an outcome of repeated bombings of their cities. But every onslaught is a test of courage and character, just the same.

An equally important application comes in relation to our everyday conduct when criticism comes our way. Even the best of us draw the opposition, or ridicule, or neglect of other persons around us.

As is true in every problem, Jesus Christ leads the way, by word and example. When He cast out demons, He was charged with working with the prince of evil; when He performed works of mercy on the Sabbath, He was berated for violating the ancient law; when He ate without first washing His hands to the elbow, He was held in contempt by the Pharisees.

Jesus' attitude toward these acts and words of opposition may be summed up as follows: (1) He did not pass them by without notice; (2) He answered some by argument and reason; (3) He boldly seized the chance to teach in reply; (4) He never resorted to untruth nor unfair method of approach; (5) He always led back to the word of God or some other established truth. (6) He let His life speak for itself.

APRIL 26

Is It Worth While to Be "Saved"?

THOSE who studiously avoid the expressions "I am saved" or "I have experienced salvation" and the like should be reminded that the words "saved" and "salvation" are frequently used in the New Testament.

There is no other word or combination of words that can be used as equally good substitutes for "saved." A ship is torpedoed, the crew quickly mans the lifeboats, the passengers find places of safety, the ship goes down, but the lifeboats are picked up. Ask any fortunate passenger what happened to him and he says, "I was saved." A tenement house is afire in the night. The sirens blow, the firemen come, raise a ladder to the window of a smoke-filled room, and one of them carries an unconscious woman to the ground and to safety. Ask the woman to tell about it and her words will be, "I was saved."

God answers the prayer, rewards faith, promises strength, and the sin is no longer a threatening power. This is what it means to be saved now.

APRIL 1942

It is not too late to receive our Easter catalog of Church School Supplies

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(Continued from page 3)

we substituted when possible.

We found that pig's blood and lime worked very well for a wood filler. That bamboo shavings and palm fiber replaced half of the cotton formerly used in upholstered furniture.

Fukien's only modern paper mill was bombed out of existence, just after the machinery was all removed and stored in safe quarters. The supply of local paper was soon exhausted. The use of bamboo for the making of paper was not a new idea but it needed certain developments to make this handmade paper suitable for the printing press.

In the Industrial Works very little machinery is used for the boys are taught to work with their hands. When they go out into their work they will find no machines and will have to rely on the dexterity of their fingers and strength of their shoulders.

Last spring the Japanese came into Foochow. This brought on new complications for many of my boys were of military age—a special object of the Japanese soldier. I did not feel that I could guarantee their safety. The best that I could promise was to stand between them and the Japanese if it should become



ANYWHERE

What matter if I walk the path
Where feet of great men tread,
Or in some lowly, rugged way,
With vision dimmed ahead?
Should I not always upright walk
And choose each step with care?
For God my way can always see
When I go ANYWHERE.

Grant Colfax Tullar



necessary. On this basis I felt that they were old enough to make their own decision. A few of them were afraid to stay and slipped away. Some of them were caught by the Japanese and forced to do heavy work. Others slipped by into free China where letters to friends helped them get jobs. A few months before this I could have placed most of the boys for the demand for trained artisans has been more than I could fill. Those that remained in Foochow with me were not molested although I was taken to task several times for protecting them.

When our American Government "FROZE" Japanese assets we had like retaliation in occupied China. The Japanese at first interpreted it as a confiscating order and until that was clarified by Tokyo there was some trouble in protecting things. Several times I looked down the barrel of their guns and wondered if it would soon be over! And several times I was able to talk them out of it. The freezing order brought a comparative standstill in the Industrial work. I found jobs for most of my remaining boys and part of the staff. I was able to continue a little work in the printing department as I could make deliveries without the Japanese knowing it.

Foochow was evacuated by the Japanese early in September and part of our work could be resumed.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Promoted

"What became of your secretary?"

"I married her and now she's my treasurer."

—Exchange.

Economy With a Vengeance

"Does your wife economize?"

"Oh, yes; we have to do without practically everything I need."

—Messenger.

Change-less

Senior—Why is an empty purse always the same?

Freshman—Well, why is an empty purse always the same?

Senior—Because you can't see any change in it.

—Exchange.

Good Reason

"Why did you encourage your wife to quit playing the piano and start playing the clarinet?"

"Because she can't sing when she's playing the clarinet."

—Kablegrams.

One Was Enough

And there was the Scotsman who bought only one spur. He figured that if one side of the horse went, the other was sure to follow.

—Exchange.

Lifelong Habit

Friend—A good deal depends on the formation of early habits.

Hard Up—I know it. When I was a baby, my mother paid a woman to wheel me around and I've been pushed for money ever since.

—Lookout.

'Way Ahead of Him

A high-school girl seated next to a famous astronomer at a dinner party asked him: "What do you do in life?"

He replied: "I study astronomy."

"Dear me!" said the girl. "I finished astronomy last year."

—Watchword.

Sure You Heard Correctly?

Elderly Aunt, to her nephew, a poor preacher. "James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

—Exchange.

Absent-Minded All Right

"This afternoon we will take Mr. Frog apart and see what makes him croak," said the professor to his zoology class. "I have a frog in my pocket to be used as a specimen." He reached into his pocket and drew out a paper bag which he emptied on the table. Out rolled a badly squashed ham sandwich.

The professor mopped his brow. "My goodness!" he stammered. "I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

—Kablegrams.

Couldn't Win

A vicar had been beaten badly on the golf links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and he was rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up!" his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the vicar, "it will be your hole."

—Montreal Star.

Difficult Job, Nowadays

Little Johnny should have been hard at his homework. As it was, his father found him listening to the radio and sucking his pencil.

"Well," asked Father, "why don't you get on with your work?"

"I can't, Dad," came Johnny's reply, "until I've heard the latest news bulletin. You see, I've got to draw a map of Europe."

—Exchange.

Naturally She Would

"So you come from New York?" said an English lady to a traveling American. "I supposed, of course, that you came from Boston."

"Why did you think that?" inquired the New York lady.

"I supposed all cultivated, intelligent Americans came from Boston."

"But what in the world made you think that?" was the natural question.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. I think it was a Boston lady who told me."

—Advance.

Worth Waiting For

Among those rounded up by the Germans in Holland in their drive against subversive activities was a woman accused of listening to British broadcasts, which the law forbids.

"Why did you listen?" demanded the judge.

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "Herr Hitler said he would speak on the radio from London last October. I didn't want to miss him."

—Exchange.